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and
Idylls



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SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

POEMS AND IDYLLS.

BY THE REVEREND

JOHN CULLEN, D.D., M.A.,

VICAR OF RADCLIFFE-ON-TRENT, ETC.

LONDON

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DEDICATED
TO THE
HON. AND REV. A. G. CAMPBELL, M.A.,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF MANY AND SIGNAL FAVOURS
BESTOWED UPON THE AUTHOR,
DURING THREE OF THE HAPPIEST YEARS
OF HIS MINISTRY,
AND A PERIOD OF TWENTY-SIX YEARS
OF NEVER-FAILING KINDNESS.

PROEM.

“Operosa parvus carmina fingo.”

I.

THE Nightingale trilleth loud and sweet,
And the Wren sings soft and clear ;
The Robin doth warble in his retreat
At the close of the dying year.

The Throstle sings loud in the month of March,
And the Blackbird carols till June ;
The Cuckoo calls when buds the larch,
And the Linnet pipes his tune.

Yea, every bird, in various song,
Sings out on the world’s highway ;
And the rippling brook all the summer long,
Murmurs a roundelay.

The wind roars loud as it hurries past,
And the gentle breeze sings low,
The rain has a rhythm as well as the blast,
When it falls on the May’s sweet snow.

The voice of the thunder, when it rolled
O'er the ocean's bass, was grand,
And the cataract shouts as its wings unfold,
On the way to the shining strand.

II.

And God has other Singers here,
Inspired by highest heaven ;
Commission to teach mankind, and cheer,
Unto all of these is given.

O God we thank Thee for the song
Whose teaching inclines the heart
To sympathize with the suffering throng,
Of which we form a part !

Some songs inspire to deeds sublime,
Some flood the life with peace ;
Some soothe the soul like Evening's chime,
And some our faith increase.

Be mine a song like the rippling brook,
Gentle, and clear, and sweet,
To cheer Retirement in her nook,
And to echo in mart and street.

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POEMS AND IDYLLS.

THE ANGEL AND THE FLOWERS.

AN Angel was sent from the LORD of heaven
Down to this sinful earth of ours ;
A gracious command unto him was given,
To gather the fairest of all her flowers,
And bring them to Paradise, and plant them there,
Where flowers from the earth bloom still more fair.

Forth sped the Angel on wings of light,
Obedient to God's most high behest ;
O'er starry worlds he takes his flight,
Nor stops he, nor seeks or pause or rest ;
As the Eastern sun bright glory flings,
On earth he folds his golden wings.

The Rose looks bright in the morning sun,
Her beauty of colour the Angel sees ;
Her sweet leaves are open, every one,
And her perfume is wafted on every breeze ;
“The thorns of self-will,” the Angel said,
“Grow rank around”—the Rose lies dead.

The Lily, so tall, and pure, and white,
The Angel sees, and stoops down low ;
He hears her say : “ I am far more bright
Than the Rose, and all the flowers that blow ; ”
“ Green jealousy dwells in thy heart, sweet flower,”
Said the Angel—the Lily died that hour.

The Tulip, with graceful cup, looks bright
In her vesture of purple, and red, and gold ;
“ I am as fair as the morning light,”
Said she, “ and my beauty is manifold.”
The Angel looks right in her heart, and there
He sees pride, like a canker, everywhere.

And now he wanders from flower to flower,
There many a beautiful bloom to see,
In garden, and terrace, and shady bower,
But nothing to bring to his LORD finds he ;
For pride, or jealousy, or bold self-will,
Or something as sinful defiles them still.

“ Alas ! is there nought that is pure and fair,
And free from sin, and earthly stain ? ”
He asks, as he wanders everywhere,
And looks at the bright flowers all again ;
But nothing is meet for the LORD of heaven,
Tho’ He to each flower its bloom had given.

At length he came to a shady place ;
Forget-me-nots grew there, and Pansies sweet ;
The vale’s lone Lily which hides its face,
And the Violet blooming down low at his feet ;

Nor pride, nor jealousy, nor strong self-will,
Did the hearts of these simple flowerets fill.

The Forget-me-nots smile to the heaven's bright blue;
The Lilies ring out a bright peal of sound ;
The Pansies speak peace—to heart's ease they woo,
Sweet incense the Violets shed all around ;
No thought of themselves fills any pure heart,
But pleasure to others doth each impart,

To the pale blue flowers the Angel said,
“ You shall bloom more fair in the heavenly land ;
And you, sweet flowers, that droop your head,
Shall ring out bright joy to the Angel band ;
In the heart of each saint shall the Pansies dwell,
And there shall the Violets give a good smell.”

These fragrant flowers from that lowly place,
The Angel uproots and bears to heaven ;
A ray of God's glory lights up every face
Of the inmates of Paradise to whom they are given,
And who sing, as they foster these flowerets weak,
“ Praise God, Who exalteth the humble and meek.”

THE RESCUE.

O world, O sin, O hell !
Pronounce your deadliest spell,
A soul is trembling on the brink of fate,
Irresolute he stands ; Ah who can tell
The dread result of all your spite and hate ?

O Christ, O Church, O Man !
Reach forth your hands and span
The gulf of death o'er which he wandered down.
Save him from sin, and world, and hell.—You can !
Save, save the wretch, and do not on him frown.

Angels and spirits blest !
At God's most high behest,
The Christ, the Church, and Man have saved
And led the wretch to penitence and rest ;
But in that deed Christ scorn and death hath braved.

TWO SONNETS.

LIFE.

I.

PRIMÆVAL Life ! Thou source whence all life springs,
From lichen unto man, and Angel high.
To every living thing art Thou so nigh
We hear the beating of Thy heart and wings.
And Nature's sounding lyre of many strings
Which reacheth from the earth to yonder sky,
Warbles Thy Name ! To Thee Thy servants cry ;
To Thee the heavenly choir unceasing sings.

And Thou all life sustainest, gracious Lord,
From Thee it comes, to Thee returns again.
Almighty Life ! Thy powerful aid afford
To all mankind in this sad life of pain ;
Here let Thine image be to us restored,
That we, henceforth, in life with Thee may reign.

II.

THAT we may learn to love, God gave us life,
And all our joy and woe, and hope and fear,
Should teach us that whate'er to us is dear,
Doth call these forth ; or home, or child, or wife.
And so amid Earth's tumult, toil, and strife,
Our life is lived in which we learn to love ;
And in our heart we cherish hawk or dove,
And bear in our right hand or palm or knife.

And life consists not in what we possess,
But gives us chances still to win for Heaven
Either in bounding joy or deep distress,
All that Heaven's bounty unto us hath given,
We thus transfigure grief, and others bless,
Beneath the mount ;—not now with thunders riven.

QUATRAINS.

SOWING AND REAPING.(1.)

Sow thou the Act, and Habit thou shalt reap ;
 The Habit sow, and Character shall spring ;
 Sow Character, and this its form will keep
 Until Eternity thy Harvest bring.

THE TRUE KING.

Rejoice O man ! for Satan is dethroned,
 Christ vanquished him by death ;—behold unfurled
 The blood-red Cross where He for sin atoned,
 Now Jesus reigns the King of all the world.

PRAY AND WORK.

Pray much and often : Jesus intercedes,
 Work much and often : Strength is Jesus' dower,
 Pray much and often : for the Spirit pleads,
 Work much and often : in the Spirit's power.

A TRUE LENTEN FAST.

Afflict and tax thyself for others' weal,
 Seek out thy lusts and mortify them all ;
 Let thy ambition stern abasement feel,
 Give ear and come to Sorrow's faintest call.

THY TRUE LIFE.

When self is dead, then sin shall cease,
 And love to man in strength shall grow ;
 Thy life shall glide in perfect peace,
 By ways and means which thou shalt know.

RELIGION OF ACTION.

By helpfulness to others shown
We Holiness to All make known.
By kindly deeds with Love we pray,
And Heaven's own grace on earth display.

NIAGARA.

See ! troubled waters dashing,
They rush, they toss, they leap ;
Like life's wild troubles flashing,—
Ah ! both shall find the deep.

TENDERNESS.

Is Love as seen in helpfulness,
And kindness in action shown ;
Affection that will soothe and bless,
Emotion into motive grown.

DUTY.

The mountain road that leads to God,
Where wrong can never harm ;
There Patience waits on Pity's nod,
And soon will foes disarm.

LIFE IN CHRIST.

Jesu ! the thought of Thee is joy,
To live in Thee is rest and peace ;
There nothing can my soul destroy,
And I shall live when time shall cease.

A BENEDICTION.

Go forth,—thy Saviour's name confessing,—
Angels tend Thee;—Faith, Hope, Love;—
Where'er thou goest may God's blessing
Rest upon thee from above.

DEDICATION OF A BOOK.

Ad Te Domine.

Accept, O Lord, this book from me,
And use it for Thine own;
Let all its pages speak of Thee,—
Of Thee alone!

TRUE SUCCESSION.

Peace in the heart from Christ's atonement springs,
Where Peace abounds, there Praise her carol sings,
And Consecration of the life is made
Where Wrath can never make God's child afraid.

COUNSEL.

March not thro' the desert sands without a chart to show
the way;
Go not from thy home at morn without the Spirit's
guiding ray;
Sail not o'er the trackless sea without a rudder true to
steer;
Venture not to die at last except the Christ be very
near.

THE BIBLE AND SCEPTICISM.

Man ! read thy Bible : Sceptic thoughts will flee,
Vain without this, will other reading be.
Not for contention was the Bible given,
But to shed light upon the road to heaven.

MY ANAGRAM—LLUCEN.

To cull the beauties which around me throng,
Be this my aim and strong endeavour ;
To tread with joy the lucent path of song,
Be this my hope henceforth for ever !

QUALITIES FOR A RULER.

An intellect of power and might,
Dependence on his God alone ;
A ready will for wrong to atone,
Unselfishness in truth and right.

PROOF OF GOD.

The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
Thy love within me speaketh loud,
Thy will my stubborn heart hath bowed.
The rolling worlds with Thee accord.

CONVERSION.

A sinner turned to God and right,
A spirit quickened and made whole,
A change come over heart and soul.
A character transfigured quite.

FAITHLESSNESS.

The sun shone bright ; my shadow fell
Upon a river clear and fair ;
A storm swept over hill and dell,
My shadow fled ; I know not where !

THE USE OF PAIN.

It strikes at sin with strong right hand,
And thus prevents disease and death ;
It works by law ; and Pain's command
Is known to be no idle breath.

THE DISCIPLINE OF PAIN.

It teacheth sympathy for man to men,
And by it visions bright of God are given,
It calls forth love to help and serve us when
The pulse runs low, and hearts are sorely riven.

LABOUR.

Fair Labour is music of life,
The secret sweet of health,
The Angel of peace in strife,
The source of pleasure and wealth.

DISSATISFACTION.

The wings of man's spirit to soar on high,
The cause of all progress in life,
The earnest desire to satisfy,
The effort to terminate strife.

TRUE NOBILITY.

The intellect of leading mind,
The character as crystal clear,
The hand that serveth all the year,
The heart that loveth all mankind.

TEACHERS SENT FROM GOD.

What we are, God's grace hath wrought,
What we know, from Christ we learn,
What we teach, the Spirit taught,
What we work, let all discern.

RESPONSIBILITY.

As gravitation's law pervades the worlds on high,
E'en so doth Influence' subtle power prevail afar and nigh,
Example teaches men, unceasing, day and night,
And stern Responsibility brings all things forth to light.

HOLINESS.

Is sin subdued, and life made clean,
And passions curbed and kept in hand,
Lusts taught by law how saints demean,
In ways most clear to understand.

THE NEED OF HOLINESS.

Not to gain heaven ; that Christ hath done,
Nor is it merit's cup to fill ;
But fitness here to gain for heaven,
And thus grow apt in heavenly skill.

THE PROGRESS OF HOLINESS.

The Saviour welcomed is fair Holiness begun,
The Saviour cherished is high Holiness at one,
The Spirit present is great Holiness replete,
And heaven's full blaze is Holiness complete.

FRUIT UNTO HOLINESS.

I. LOVE.

Love is the sunlight of this earth and heaven,
Love is the impulse to heroic deeds,
Love is sweet harmony to Christians given,
Love is the voice that for the sinner pleads.

II. JOY.

Joy is serene delight in doing good;
Joy is the thanks we render unto God,
Joy is great Faith rejoicing in the wood,
Joy is the fruit of Sorrow's chastening rod.

III. PEACE.

Peace is the hunger of the weary heart,
Peace is the gift of Jesus to the faint,
Peace is the rest the Spirit doth impart,
Peace is the rich endowment of the saint.

IV. LONG-SUFFERING.

Long-suffering is Hope beneath the rod,
Long-suffering is strength's nativity,
Long-suffering is foster-child to God,
Long-suffering is Christ-like Charity.

V. GENTLENESS.

Gentleness is Heaven's high brotherhood,
Gentleness is Friendship's bond and palm,
Gentleness is might by none withstood,
Gentleness is odour sweet, and balm.

VI. GOODNESS.

Goodness is Love made known by kindly deeds,
Goodness is Prudence in a temper sweet,
Goodness is strength supplying sorrow's needs,
Goodness is Beauty, gentle and discreet.

VII. FAITHFULNESS.

Faithfulness is Faith's first-born son,
Faithfulness is rhythm of true life,
Faithfulness is duty nobly done,
Faithfulness is conquest over strife.

VIII. MEEKNESS.

Meekness is Fortitude who bears her cross,
Meekness is handmaid in the school of grace,
Meekness is sweet Content who suffers loss,
Meekness is Wisdom in the lowest place.

IX. SELF-CONTROL.

Self-control is Chastity in song,
Self-control is order well arrayed,
Self-control is Reason's girdle strong,
Self-control is patience undismayed.

▲

THE BRIGHTEST ROSE.(2.)

THE rose, which speaks of love,
Shines fair in Morning's ray or Evening's gold ;
Its glory is all other flowers above,
Its charms are manifold.

The wild rose blooms alone,
With apple-scented leaves it decks the bowers
Of Love and Beauty—when Spring flowers are gone—
In summer's happy hours.

The Provence rose is bright,
And bright the gardens where it buds and blooms,
In that sweet clime, whose air all day and night,
Most sweetly it perfumes.

Dear is the rose that shines
Within an infant's loving, trustful eyes,
Whose smile the mother in her heart enshrines,
With love that never dies.

Grand was the rose that bloomed
Upon our hero's grave, when, dust to dust,
In Glory's 'mid career, he lay entombed
In faithful, holy trust.

The pale sweet rose of Grief
Is watered by sad tears, shed in the night,
From weary eyes, when sorrow finds relief :—
So pure, so sweet, so white !

The rose of Love, which dwells
In loving bride's pure heart, in holy bliss,
No eye can see, but thence, like draughts from wells,
Refreshment gives, and peace.

Religion's rose is seen
Where earnest hearts, in fervour, love, and grace,
Repeat their vows to God in faith serene,
In earth's most holy place.

The rose of Science fair
Reveals such glories to the raptured sight
Of Learning's sons, that they behold in her
All things or dark or light.

The brightest rose and best
In heaven or earth, is Jesus' love to man ;
Sweet Rose of Sharon ! This the spirit's quest
Of love, since life began !

On Calvary's mount it grows :
From heaven it came : from blooming realms of bliss—
How sweet ! how pure ! Nor man nor angel knows
A brighter rose than this !

Whoso this rose receives
From Jesus, reigning in the heavens high,
He only, life's great aim and end achieves,
For he shall never die.

THE HARVEST BRIDE.

AN ENGLISH IDYLL.

IT had been hot and sultry all the day,
But now the heat was less ; a pleasant warmth
Filled all the air, and a refreshing breeze
Was rustling through the woodland yellow leaved.
The long white grass bent low beside the pool :
The leaves on all the trees in all the woods
Were tinted with autumnal mellowness ;
And far away beneath a gleaming sky
Waved many acres of bright, golden corn.
Home from their work in yonder harvest field
Walked Farmer Dyson and his only son ;
And, true to the primeval sentence once
Pronounced by God Himself, sweat, in great drops,
Stood on their weary brows from that day's toil.

Right glad were they to come near home at last ;
And as they walked thus leisurely along,
By the last footpath leading to the house,
Which gently sloped up towards a rustic stile,
Where now the Farmer rested on his way.
Beside him Robin laid his sickle down
Upon the topmost rail, and looked due west.
His eyes that evening followed round and round
The wings of an old windmill ; and his thoughts
Did enter then a cottage by the mill—
A sweet and rural cottage—where his steps
Were bent at many an eventide like this.
Quiet it lay, half hid by foliage,
Within a lovely glen beyond the mill.
The Farmer, seated on the stile, looked o'er
A splendid English landscape. As the sun
Was sinking in the west behind a lake
He lit it up with golden glory ; like
That sea of glass mingled with fire, of which
We read in the dark book of the Apocalypse.
And all the earth around, far off, and near,
Was bright with Day's departing, glorious light.
But Dyson fixed his eyes upon one field,
The brightest spot in all the landscape round ;
A field of yellow corn : the Farmer's own.
Well grown it was ; the ears were large and full.
His keen eye saw the golden coins, which there
Lay hid, as if behind the golden corn.
For three long days no labourer could be found
To cut the corn, which now was more than ripe.
He sat upon the stile sore vexed, and sick

At heart, to think of precious money lost.

He swung his stick between his knees awhile,
As was his wont when he was sore perplexed.

Anon, after due pause was made, he said :

“ My son ! if yonder field of corn were cut,
Then I would give consent that you should wed
The Shepherd’s pretty daughter—Bessie Hall.”

“ What, father ? ” asked the youth, as he awoke
From a sweet reverie, in which he saw

The bright blue eyes of Bessie—his own love.

The father, smiling grimly, said : “ I speak
Of an impossibility. It grieves

Me so, to have yon corn still standing there
So many days, when it is fully ripe,

That I have thought, if I could get it cut,
I would consent that you should take to wife
The Shepherd’s daughter yonder—Bessie Hall.”

“ The corn field shall be cut, if you will give
To us consent to marry,” Robin said.

Replied the old man then in accents stern :

“ Son Robin, you talk nonsense ; for if hands
I cannot get, I wist that you will not.”

“ Trust me,” said Robin ; “ I will use my hands,
And cut the field of corn all by myself.

Without your free consent Bessie will ne’er
Take me ; let your consent my wages be.”

The old man laughed outright, for very scorn—

“ Can you cut down that corn within three days ? ”

Robin replied : “ God helping me, I will.”

“ Then verily you shall have my consent,”

The old man said ; “ But mind, she helps you not.”

"So be it," Robin said, and both shook hands
To seal the compact, and the old man went
Upon his way, smiling incredulously.

Of all the maids, in all the hamlets round,
To Robin's mind, the sweetest, bonniest lass
Was that poor Shepherd's daughter, Bessie Hall.
Comely and neat she was, and fair withal ;
A simple grace was in her every step
And all her movements ; and her eyes were bright
With the pure flame of innocence and love.
Two dimples on her lovely face appeared
Whene'er she smiled. At Church and Sunday-school
Sober and grave she always seemed ; as if
Her soul held converse with the saints in light.
Her father loved her, and her mother said
She was a good, devoted child to them.
Her innocence and grace had won the heart
Of Robin Dyson, the rich Farmer's son.
The Farmer set his face against the match :
Bessie he liked : "But she was not the wife,"
He said, "for Robin : he must higher look."
A marriage with a richer girl than she
Would more have been to Dyson's worldly mind,
For that would make his son the richer man ;
What matter at what sacrifice of peace
The wealth was bought !

Robin was young, and had
A good, and kind, and generous heart ; his face
And form were fair to look upon ; and chance
Might lead him to a rich and winsome lass.

Bessie was good, affectionate, and kind ;
But Dyson would not hear of such a match
For his rich son. Ambition in his heart
Forbad the thought of such a lowly daughter.
He never thought that possibility
Could bring, by means which seemed impossible,
His own consent to Robin's only choice.
“A many-acred field of yellow corn
Cut down by his own hand in three short days !
O silly boy !” And at his own bright thoughts
The Farmer laughed aloud.

In solemn steps

The Evening came, and Robin's sickle flashed
Among the ears of corn, and down they fell
Beside his feet, in long and shining rows.
A lad began to bind them into sheaves,
And gentle Bessie stood a while hard by
To watch the work, and scarce could keep her hands
From helping too. Robin in silence worked,
And swiftly fell the corn before his arm.
The moon walked high in beauty 'mid the clouds,
And in her train came forth the silver stars ;
The blooming, bright forget-me-nots of heaven !
Now Bessie said “Good night,” and went away
To pray for Robin.

As the night wore on,
Harder he worked, for love did nerve his arm,
And fill his heart with joy. New life and strength
Seemed e'er to come, as he remembered Bessie.

Through all the night he toiled. When Morning broke,
It found him still at work ; and Bessie came
Blithe, bright, and happy, for she felt that all
Should yet be well, and that her lover soon
Would gain the Farmer's free and full consent
To what her heart so long in secret wished ;
And she and Robin would be happy then !
The farm-boy slept for one brief hour alone,
But Robin failed not all the live-long night.
He smiled on Bessie as she came to him,
And paused awhile to eat the food she brought ;
Then steadily and rapidly he worked
Until the sun did mount on high, and slant
His rays through maple, chestnut, beech, and oak.
The scarlet berries, and the sweet wild flowers,
The nightshade, and the poppies drooped from heat.
The reapers, and the gleaners, and all those
Who passed along the highway, cried aloud
Because of heat and thirst, for now the glass
Was many high degrees beneath the shade.
A draught of sparkling water from the brook
Assuaged their thirst ; as also did at times
“The cups that cheer but not inebriate.”
Out in the open field the lovers stayed ;
He worked, and she looked on, and heeded not
The fierce and burning heat, for love did burn
With warmer glow within their youthful hearts.
Now Evening came, and all things living ceased
To work, except a wandering bee which lagged
Behind, with precious food too heavy-laden.
Again did Bessie say “Good night,” and dew

In stillness gathered on the drooping herbs.
The golden harvest moon walked forth in light ;
The farm-boy slept again, and all the land
Was robed in light. The birds and cattle slept,
But love alone was waking. Robin toiled
From Eve till Morn, from Morn till Eve ; sustained
By love, and hope, and Bessie's kindly smile.
And when the third day came, the Farmer passed,
And with amazement saw his cornfield laid
By Robin's single arm ; who rested, pale
And weary, by the stile where three days past
He made the compact. He had fallen there,
And Bessie knelt beside him with a cup
Of sparkling water to his quivering lips ;
Her eyes were full of joyful, happy tears,
And on her tongue were words of thanks to God.
As Robin's father slowly joined the group,
Conflicting thoughts disturbed his breast ; his tongue
At first was bound in silence ; then he spake :
“ I could not have believed in this ; but since
Your love is strong and true, God bless you both,
‘ The labourer is worthy of his hire.’ ”
The old man took the Shepherd's daughter's hand,
And looking up to heaven, he thanked the Lord
That so much true, unselfish love was found
On earth ; and then he placed it in his son's.

And when the joyful harvest home was kept,
The village bells rang out a merry peal,—
For Robin took to wife the gentle lass
Whom he had chosen, and so bravely won.

KASSANDRA.

PENSIVE I walked 'mid yonder city's throng,
And meaning in each face I sought.
I then essayed to chant a song
Of what I saw and thought.

On many a brow were traced the lines of woe,
And many a scar on many a face
Were left by hand of friend and foe,
Which nought can now efface.

And some wore calm content in gentle smiles
Upon their faces,—sweet to see,—
On some were curves that spoke of wiles,
Which wrought regret in me.

Home to my lone retreat I walked, and there
Into my room among my books,
And busts of men, and women fair,
I went, as one who looks

For wisdom where it may be surely found.—
Which ne'er from Votary is withheld,
Tho' far it lie in depth profound,
Of saintly lore of eld.

And while I read a form of heavenly grace
Appeared to me, arrayed in light,
A look of woe upon her face
Distressed my wondering sight.

The silver sheen, that round her temples played,
Shed glory over all things there,
Obeisance low to her I made
Who seemed so wondrous fair !

“ Mortal,” she said, “ take warning by my woe,
And sing thy songs for heaven ; and give
To God what all receive and owe,
The life which here they live.

“ *I* broke my vow, and never from that hour
Did faith or peace with me abide,
The truth I spoke was 'reft of power,
Men said I raved, or lied.

“ Sore grief it brought because to him I lied,
Who gave me power that I may see
What in the future did betide
Of fate and destiny !

“ He wooed me in the hush of early morn,
When from the east he came in light
With glory crowned ! a god new born,
Who ravished ear and sight !

“ Give me, I cried the grace to see and know
Whate'er befall frail mortals here,
Events that in their affluent flow
Take many a lingering year.

“ Latona’s son made answer low and sweet,
Mortal beloved ! let this suffice,
That I love thee ; for thee ’tis meet
To know Love’s sacrifice !

“ To thee I give my soul, my life, my all,
Divine revealer, holy seer !—
I cried ;—while on my heart did fall
A horror of great fear.

“ And when my inward eye he purged to see
Whate’er to man in life befall,
Forth from his presence did I flee
Nor would I yield him all.

“ Great Nature’s voice, in its full compass, fell
Upon mine ear each morn anew,
The secrets, I, of earth and hell,
And past and future, knew.

“ When faithless Paris sweet CEnone left
I called unto my father : Stay,—
Detain him with the heart bereft,
His ships are in the bay.

“ He goes to seek a bride in distant lands,
And where she comes there sorrow comes,
She brings us war, and burning brands
To desolate our homes.

“ When Klytemnestra came with smiling face
To her returning Lord ; I saw
The dagger hid in secret place,
Like angry tigress’ claw.

“ And then to Agamemnon spake I loud,
Within thy house Death waits for thee,
Thy wife has there the fatal shroud
She wove for thee and me.

“ Thou knowest the end ! how Death, alas !
Came to us on that fatal day,
Tho’ all I said has come to pass
None would my voice obey.

“ The gods will not recall the gift once given,
Nor take again the sacred dower,
But they will bar the soul from heaven,
And blast the fatal power ! ”

She fled in light, and left me there alone,
My Lyre I grasped to chant her song,—
No sound will come, but wail and moan,
For ever,—all life long !

TRUE LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HALM.

My heart, I now would ask thee,

 Ah, what is true love?—say.

“Two souls, as one in thinking,

 Two hearts which beat one way.”

And say from whence love cometh?

 “She comes and she is here!”

Tell me how love departeth?

 “That love is not sincere.”

And what is pure love?—tell me.

 “That which is poor, Iwiss.”

And when is love the deepest?

 “When she most silent is.”

And when is love the richest?

 “When she gives most away.”

Tell me how true love speaketh?

 “She speaks not, but loves for aye.

LONGING.(3.)

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

AH ! this vale of woe and sadness,
Where the mist hangs cold around,
How my heart would leap with gladness,
Could I reach its utmost bound !
There, in light, fair hills are lying,
Bright with everlasting day.
O for wings ! that, swiftly flying,
To those hills I might away.

Music thence steals softly near me,—
Sounds of heavenly song and psalm,
And the swift winds gently bear me
Odours sweet of fragrant balm.
Ripe yon golden fruits are glowing,
Through their leaves of brightest green,
And the flowers, for ever blowing,
Winter storms have never seen.

O how glorious on those mountains
Forth to walk in such sweet air !
And to see, from golden fountains,
Sunshine floating everywhere ;
But I may not go ! for, flashing
Grim between, a torrent boils,
From its waves so fiercely dashing
Back my trembling soul recoils !

There, a boat I see is steering,
 But alas ! the pilot's gone.
Board her quickly, nothing fearing,
 Her bright sails will float anon.
Venture forth ; let Faith be near thee ;
 Of the gods no pledge demand,
And a miracle shall steer thee
 Into that bright wonder-land !

THE GLOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BEFORE the arena waiting,
 A fight anticipating,
 And kingly games,
Sat King Franz, 'mid his nobles, crowned ;
And on high, on the balcony all around,
 Was a garland of noble dames.

As in command his finger is lifted,
Backwards the heavy bolts are shifted ;
And, treading with stately mien,
A lion bold is seen !
 Without a sound
 He looks around,

And, lazily yawning,
Stretching and fawning,
He shakes his mane,
And lies down on the plain.

The King signs once more,
And is opened a door ;
Out runs, with wild spring,
 A tiger forth !
Beholding the forest king
 Loud is his roar.
Fiercely he growls,
And gloomily scowls ;
 His tail he swings
 In fearful rings,
And licks his bloody jowls !
 He walks, spell-bound,
 The lion around,
And, snarling and purring,
Fierce anger incurring,
 He lies on the ground.

The King signs again
The bolts to unchain ;
Two doors are opened at once, and then
Two leopards are vomited from the den.
With courage bold and dread,
They rush to seize the tiger's head ;
Who, with his paws extended wide,
Prepares to strike on either side.

Now fierce and loud is the lion's roar !
He rises and quells them all once more.

Again in a fearful ring
Around the lion king,
The angry beasts repose.

Now, from the balcony above,
Falls, from a beautiful hand, a glove ;
Between the lion and tiger it lies,
In sooth, for a Knight, a dainty prize !
Then to Delorges, the valiant Knight,
Turns Lady Kunigund, with scornful delight :
“Sir Knight, if your love as ardent be
As you swear and vow so carelessly,
Prove it, and let my glove be brought.”

At once the Knight, as swift as thought,
Steps upon the arena sand
With bold and hasty stride,
And from the furious monsters' side
He takes the glove with fearless hand !

Both Knights and Ladies, shuddering, gaze
With mingled terror and amaze ;
Calmly he brings the glove again,
As shouts of welcome around him shower,
But the looks of joy all shine in vain
(Tho' the heart in love they might enchain)

From the Lady Kunigund's bower.
For right in her face he threw the glove,
“Thanks, Dame, I ask not, nor thy love,”
And forsook her the selfsame hour.

A MADRIGAL.

SUMMER.

I.

THE rosy Morning
Is breaking now,
And light is adorning
The welkin's brow.
Sparkles the fountain
In crystal showers,
Vale, hill, and mountain,
Are bright with flowers.
The red rose blowing,
And wild flowers blue
Smile, on skies glowing,
Thro' silver dew.
The blithe lark is singing,
To welcome the day ;
From earth upspringing
He soars away !

Beautiful shadows
Around are seen
On forests and meadows
In changing sheen.
The white swan is gliding
In pride o'er the lake ;
The pheasant is hiding
In meadow and brake.

II.

Walks the Eve slowly
In golden stole ;
Calm thoughts and holy,
Come to my soul !
The church bells are ringing
Both loud and long ;
The milk-maid is singing
Her merry sweet song.

The landscape sleepeth
'Neath moonbeams pale ;
The shepherd boy keepeth
His watch in the vale.
Fair Venus in heaven,
With vestal light,
For mortals is given
To bless the night.
The bright moon smileth
O'er mountain and dale,
And the lone hours beguileth
The sweet nightingale !

WINTER.

I.

Slowly and wearily
Breaks the grey morn,
Silently, drearily,
Cold and forlorn.
Bare is the forest,
The flowers are dead ;
And tempests the sorest
Roll over our head.
Cold winter doth scatter
His hoar frost once more,
And he chains the bright water
In ice to the shore.

Dear friends are sleeping
Beneath the cold sod,
Whose spirits are keeping
The Sabbath of God !
But Christ shall awaken
Their slumbers again,
And then shall be shaken
Death's heavy chain.
Then life, love, and gladness
Shall fill every heart,
And death, woe, and sadness
For ever depart.

II.

The day declineth,
Fast falls the night ;
Now the moon shineth
So calm and bright !
The snow descendeth
From heaven above ;
The household blendeth
In joy and love.
All are surrounding
The yule log bright,
And young hearts are bounding
With holy delight !

Now they read over
The story of peace,
While over them hover
Bright spirits of bliss.
Hark how the angels
Are singing again
Their blessed evangels
Of good will to men !

A SONG OF THE MOON.

WHEN the sun to his rest, in the golden west
 Behind ocean and Alp sinks away,
Then I come to shine, with light half divine,
 Far lovelier than that of the day.
And Night's solemn throne is mine alone ;
 The stars that burn around
Are all my bright train ; supremely I reign
 In the stillness of heaven profound !

I smile on the walls of Abbeys and Halls
 Like a maid on her grey-haired sire ;
And I walk on the sea right pleasantly,
 In a track of silvery fire.
When the poet looks from his sibylline books,
 Deep thought on his brow I see ;
Nor love's first kiss deems he half such bliss
 As a glance at night from me.

I bless with my light, in the solemn midnight,
 The roving son of the sea ;
And he loves his home on the ocean's white foam,
 Whose waves are ruled by me !
O'er childhood's sleep lone vigils I keep,
 And I watch its heaving breast ;
And smile when I see in security
 Each bird in its downy nest.

Yon maiden fair with the golden hair,
Or she of the ebon tress,
Looks fairer far than the evening star
In my rays of loveliness !
When she worships alone before God's throne,
I smile on her brow so fair ;
And I look from above with a glance of love,
As she breathes her soul in prayer.

In deep forest shade and in sylvan glade,
My light doth a network make ;
When I shine through the trees, and when Night's
lone breeze
Makes the branches and leaflets shake.
The sounding stream loves my silvery beam ;
Its changing smile I see ;
And the nightingale sings with folded wings,
When his eye is fixed on me.

With the clouds I fight in my chariot of light,
And when they conceal my face,
My silvery hair is flowing fair
Throughout all the depths of space.
The snow-capped hill and the tinkling rill
Sparkle beneath my ray ;
Into man's troubled breast I shed sweet rest,
After the cares of day.

On the battle plain I behold the slain
Peaceful in death laid down.

O'er friend and o'er foe my radiance I throw,
And behold no angry frown.

Their comrades raise the song of praise
And chant the solemn psalm,
While I from the throne of Night look down
On brows subdued and calm.

And while men sleep my watch I keep,
Like a vigil-keeping nun ;
And I patiently wait till the Day's bright gate
Is opened before the sun.

And when Morning awakes, and the great sun shakes,
His spears of golden light,
I fade slowly away before the Day,
Having lightened, for men, the night.

To man, in each land, and on every strand,
Of ancient and modern time,
Be he savage in heart, or cunning in art,
Or in sunny or dreary clime,
Or in Greece or in Rome, or abroad or at home,
I am ever a welcome guest,
And I rain down light from my throne every night,
And in shedding forth blessing am blest.

QUEENS REGNANT.(4.)

TO ALL GOOD WOMEN
IN EVERY LAND
I DEDICATE THIS POEM.

“Queens you must always be ; queens to your lovers ; queens to your husbands and your sons ; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond which bows itself, and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown and stainless sceptre of womanhood.”—RUSKIN.

QUEENS REGNANT.

PRELUDE.

ONE eve I heard the nightingale
Sing to his love in sylvan bowers ;
The silent woods and blushing flowers,
With rapture heard that gentle tale.

All night, till morning's rosy dawn,
Spell-bound I listened, till there came
From out the East, Day's living flame,
Whose glory flooded alp and lawn.

Then to the light walked forth a throng
Of stately Queens with honour crowned ;
I rose and scattered flowers around,
And when they passed, I sang this song,

In which thro' earth's dark night, O Love,
Sing on and cheer some weary hearts,
Till Discord from the world departs,
And Peace descend from heaven above !

Those blessed spirits whom I see
Walk forth in beauty,—fair as light,
Let every man behold the sight ;
Let every woman like them be.

To this intent each Muse proceeds,
That ever with my song may come
Their influence sweet to many a home,
And woman prompt to noble deeds !

I. KALLIOPE.

KALLIOPE leads forth the throng,
And with her comes our first great queen,
They walk the branching woods between ;
The Muse repeats heroic song.

She sings ! and lo, her glorious voice
Resounds afar and fills the air,
Where'er men hear it, surely there
All truly generous hearts rejoice.

The Palmyrene, in white arrayed,
Walking in beauty, I behold,
She looks majestic as of old,—
Her eyes would coward men upbraid.

Beside her is the noble dame,
Who taught our great and lettered king ;
And that, her gracious offering,
Has added glory to her name.

They pass before my ravished eyes,
With victor palms, in queenly grace,
And there the form of one I trace,
A Queen who is serenely wise.

I bow my knee, I kiss her hand,—
That hand so prompt in doing good,
Oh, sacred be the womanhood,
In all the homes of all her land !

II. KLIO.

A ROMAN matron, in her pride
Of wifely honour, joins the press ;
She looks around without distress,—
I see the wound by which she died.

Another comes, whose jewels bright
Were not to deck her brow or hair,
But such as show her virtues fair
In manly honour ; sacred right.

Now comes a humble maiden sweet,
Pure as the snow on Alpine height,
My soul rejoices at the sight
Of her, who erst in Roman street

Walked forth in all her maiden grace,
When Lust beheld, and doomed her fall ;
But her own father drew Death's pall
In grief across her lovely face.

O God ! who madest Virtue fair,
Strike down and trample in the dust
All Satyr forms of brutal lust,
Let every man be Virtue's heir.

Arm every woman with her power,
And lead each forth in all her grace,
Write her sweet name on every face.
Give to each soul her priceless dower.

III. ERATO.

WITH joy mine eyes encountereth
Fair Weinsberg dames with Erato ;
And near them one, who, in her woe,
In water drank the dust of death.(8.)

My heart rejoices there to see
The righteous Queen, who sought to give
God's truth to France, that she may live,
And be for ever brave and free.

But France refused the boon, alas !
And since that day she writhes and quails,
And still her faith in weakness fails
To let God's word to triumph pass.

Two saintly women I behold,
Who have a peaceful war in hand,
For God and Home, in every land,
Fair Temperance Standard they unfold.

In love to God, and all mankind
They speak, they work, they pray, they plead,
To show that earth's most pressing need
Is how the demon Drink to bind.

Who will not speed them on their way,
And preach and pray against this sin,
And haste God's glorious Kingdom in,
While yet we can ; while yet we may ?

IV. EUTERPE.

Now, with the sound of music sweet,
And songs which echo to the skies,
I see them come in glad surprise,
I hear the rhythm of their feet.

The wife of Lapidoth is there,
Who judged her nation wise and well ;
That mother great in Israel,
So strong in battle, faith, and prayer.

The mother who, her first-born child
Gave back to God, I now behold ;
She who, in prayer, her burden rolled
On Heaven, and thus became so mild.

Their songs resound in holy strains
Adown the ages ; ne'er shall cease
Their triumph, till the Prince of Peace
Takes to Himself His power and reigns.

All mothers, since the world began,
Who in the path of duty trod,
And led their children forth to God,
In moulding childhood formed the man.

All men, whose memory we revere,
For what is done, or great, or good,
Were taught it by brave womanhood,
Whom all true hearts hold ever dear.

V. MELPOMENE.

A TRIO comes,—whom woe befell,
In robes of crimson flowing fair,
And on their brows and in their hair
Are amaranth and asphodel.

Obedience was their guiding star ;
For love of home and fatherland
They gave their lives ; O happy band
I see your triumph from afar !

They pass, through gates of pearl and gold,
Into the light of God, which fills
The verdant vales and shining hills
With glories bright and manifold.

There shall they wave the Victor's palm,
And near to Christ shall ever be,
They in His light, all light shall see,
And sing His song—the conqueror's psalm.

And many more, from every land,
Walk calmly with them side by side,
Where nought of ill shall e'er betide,
That gentle and triumphant band.

And in all time shall myriads come
From every nation, every clime,
To dwell, in life's eternal prime,
With Jesus in that peaceful home.

VI. POLYHYMNIA.

A MAIDEN leads the coming throng,
Who suffered by the cruel hands
Of Cyril's despot monkish bands,—
Let every age her fame prolong.

And one is walking by her side,
Who fled her bright Italian home,
To save her life from other some ;
Safe in the North she lived and died.

Once to her tomb, my willing feet
Were guided, since I knew her fame ;
As once the mention of her name
Attracted crowds to her retreat ;

Where on divine philosophy
She spake with ever brightening grace,
The light of Hope shone on her face,
Whene'er she dwelt on things to be.

Another, crowned with eglantine,
I see from far among the press,
I draw me near and I caress
Thy hand, O sainted singer mine !

She bears a Psaltery in her hand,
And now she strikes its warbling strings,
In Ministry of song she sings ;—
Life Echoes from her native land.

VII. TERPSICHORE.

BEHOLD the maiden comes, who led
The women by the Red Sea shore,
To sing o'er foes who fight no more,
For they are numbered with the dead !

With timbrel loud and glancing feet,
She leads them forth,—a shining band ;
Where now, upon a brighter strand,
They sing again of that defeat.

The Gleaner midst the alien corn,
The Deaconess whom Paul commends,
And she, who o'er her tempter bends
To take his head in very scorn ;

Now walk together, glorified ;
And near them one, who left sweet rest,
Fair fame and glory, in the West,
To work in Burmah,—till she died.

With olive crowned, she comes,—a queen.
By grace of God alone she reigns.
And wide and far her great domains
In heathen lands to-day are seen.

The light a singer sweet reveals,
Who strikes her lyre of many tones,
To sing of weary sighs and groans,
And children's cries 'mid factory wheels.

VIII. THALIA.

I HEAR one sing in plaintive strains,
Of her who died, and went away,
While bloomed the snow-white buds of May,
To that bright home where Friendship reigns.

And, walking with her, side by side,
I see the noble Grecian maid
Who e'en of death was not afraid,—
She honoured him, for whom she died.

These women, living here on earth,
Were sundered far by birth and time,
But in that holier, happier clime,
They are akin in grace and worth.

And many more from every age,
Some, robed in crimson, some, in white ;
Pass on in pomp before my sight,
Like visions seen upon the page

Of history, when some gifted pen,
Inspired by Klio, writes the deeds
Of knights careering on their steeds,
Who led to victory warlike men.

These Queens walk past—a graceful throng,—
The Morning lights sweet faces fair ;
A halo shines around the hair,
Of those who sing the conqueror's song !

IX. URANIA.

AND now I see a vision clear
Of her, who, by the soldier's bed,
Bound up the wounds and raised the head
Of weary men, when death was near.

Behind her walks a noble band
Of Nursing Queens, with earnest eyes,
Who have for Sorrow's groans and sighs,
A tender heart and ready hand.

Right onward to the light they speed
Of heaven's bright, eternal day,
And they are lighted on their way
By generous thought and gracious deed.

Among them now I see the wife,
Who, from her wounded lord and king,
The deadly dagger's venom'd sting,
Drew forth, at risk of her sweet life

Reluctantly I cease my song ;—
I cannot all their deeds proclaim,
I cannot all their virtues name,
I watch them as they move along.

My heart is full, mine eyes are dim,
With grief which doth my joy reprove,
For, with them, many whom I love
Pass on to God ; to dwell with Him.

L'ENVOI.

My sister ! Take this song of mine,
Read o'er the words with studious care,
To find, in outline true and fair,
One portrait imaged forth of thine.

And, like the prototype, so lead
A gentle, and a saintly life,—
Either as maiden or as wife,—
That blesseth men by word and deed.

In Woman's hands the destiny
Of all the world is held secure,
And, as she frames, shall it endure
In that great age which is to be.

To cheer this weary, hapless earth,
To raise mankind from woe and sin,
To haste the purer æon in,
To give to noble actions birth :

Be this, my sister, all thine aim,
For this let all thy days be spent ;
Like some fair angel who is sent
To shield a struggling soul from shame !

Go forth, in all the strength of love,
And armed with woman's gracious power,
And Heaven's divinest blessings shower
On those who near thy pathway move !

A TRIOLET.

GOD THE FATHER.

Father, my heart is glad in Thee !
Because I know Thy love is great,
And it embraces even me.

Father ! my heart is glad in Thee.
O let me Thy salvation see,
For that I long, and hope, and wait.

Father, my heart is glad in Thee,
Because I know Thy love is great !

A VISION OF GOOD WOMEN.(5.)

DEDICATED
TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA
WHO ADVOCATE AND WORK FOR
THE SPREAD OF
LIBERTY, TEMPERANCE, LITERATURE, AND ART.

“ If all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war.”—
PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

A VISION OF GOOD WOMEN.

THE sun was floating swan-like down the West,

The broad Atlantic shone like liquid gold,
The birds, in all the woods, had gone to rest,

To Evening prayer the solemn Vesper tolled ;
Then to my heart came longings manifold.

Fain would I go beyond the western wave,
Where women, strong in love, in virtue bold,
Oppose the tide of crime, and seek to save
Their sons from sin and woe, and make them pure
and brave.

As night wore on I laid me down to rest,

With love of those brave women in my heart :
I dreamt, and lo ! before me rose the crest

Of some great mountain, which stood far apart
In towering splendour ; and near to it a mart

Where merchants throng, their wares all day to
vend,

While o'er the mountain rays of sunshine dart,

Which to all generous hearts high rapture send,
That tell not here and thus doth woman's influence
end.

And in my dream an Angel came to me,
And told me news which made my heart rejoice.
Then on his wings he bore me o'er the sea
To that great land, of Freedom's sons the choice ;
And, as we sped, I heard his gentle voice
Sing a sweet song which, oh, was fine to hear !
And hearing it, again did I rejoice,
Because my soul did long time erst revere
The women whom he praised of that great hemi-
sphere.

Then thro' a temple, solemn, dim, and grand,
Up to the altar led that Angel guest.
Around and near him stood a glorious band
Of queenly women, chosen, called, and blest,
The hopeful offspring of the happy West.
There, calm they stood, intent and earnest all.
The Angel spoke, after due pause and rest,
And, as his words, on every ear did fall,
Each felt a warlike thrill as from a trumpet call !

He spoke to that array of noble dames,—
The earnest women of this toiling age,—
In solemn words, or ere he wrote their names
Indelible, on history's deathless page,
Where shines the name of many an ancient sage.
He told anon the work which God had given
For each to do, and what great war to wage ;
And from whose hand the sceptre must be riven,
“ For they have power abused, but ye must work for
Heaven.”

The first he called from out that glorious throng
Was one whose gentle heart was filled with grief,
To notes of woe was tuned her low, sad song.

Ah me, ah me, her joy was all too brief !
No more shall come to her that blest relief
Which comes to all whose friend may late return,
For hers, in death, sleeps low beneath the reef
Of Erin's sea, and Love's lone heart doth mourn ;
From Consolation's voice, doth Grief, in anguish,
turn.

“ Go thou,” the Angel said, “ and Learning’s lamp
Bear steadily, amid, of tongues, the strife ;
To thee is given to set bright Culture’s stamp
On woman brave and true, to raise her life,
And let her be, or whether maid or wife,
A helpmeet and an equal unto man,
For she is his compeer. Let blessings rife
Flow from such union, as not else they can,
For thus it should have been since first the world
began.

“ Like Italy’s white Lily leave behind
A name, imperishable, great, and good,
Let ancient falsehoods tremble, and be blind
Before thy presence—those vain things and crude
Which men believed when barbarous and rude—
That woman is to man a serf and slave.
She is to him God’s own beatitude !
Her He endowed with heart both true and brave,
A body, soul, and spirit unto her He gave.”

“And you,” he said to others standing near,
“Go forth to fight another deadly foe,
And deal him blows, more deadly and severe
Than those he dealeth now of shame and woe.
Into his haunts of crime ye all must go,
And rescue those whom he hath bound with chains—
Lead them to Light ; to them fair Temperance show.
(Far better she, than aught the drunkard gains !)
And tell them he is strong who from such sin abstains.

“Go thou,” unto another then he spake,
And in his voice repressed was righteous scorn,
“And from weak hands the sceptre boldly take,
Share thou with man the rule. His equal born
Is woman ! Let this crown thy brow adorn.”
A diadem upon her head he laid,
That, glittering, shone like pearly dews of morn ;
Around the crown, in light, the legend ran,
Which whoso runs may read : “Co-equal rights with
man.”

A murmur of applause ran through the crowd ;
The names of many women then were given,
Before whom all in solemn reverence bowed,
Confessing them true messengers from Heaven.
For they full oft the manacles have riven
Which man had forged. If women this have done,
And if, like them, all woman so had striven,
Since first the conflict dread, with wrong begun,
Long had they victors been ; long since the conquest
won.

And now, to one of tender sympathy,
For all the woes which suffering men endure,
In loving accents spake he tenderly ;
“ Go forth, Heaven’s friend ! with healing balm to
cure,
Strong be thine arm to help ; thine instinct sure.
Behind thee, soon, shall walk a healing band
Of Nursing Queens, whom love shall forth allure,
With heart to feel, to help, a ready hand,
The kindest souls are they of every clime and land.

“ And with you too, shall go the sisters twain,
Physicians skilled are they of your own sex ;
A battle they have fought with might and main
For woman’s rights ; and slumbering lies did vex,
And ancient Precedent did sore perplex.
True to their promise and their earnest vow—
They Prejudice convinced that things complex
A woman’s brain can all unravel now,
And Learning’s crown is set upon her victor brow ! ”

Behold a garland fair of learned dames
Who write, or sing God’s truth in measured song,
(Each reader calls for blessings on their names,
And prays them still their labours to prolong),
Before the Angel stands—a shining throng—
“ Go forth,” said he, “ to teach, to soothe, to bless ;
What talents great, to each of you belong
Use for the highest good, and onward press,
And rest not till you show to all true happiness.”

I looked around the Temple to behold
Those women, unto whom the Angel spake.
One did I mark, of bearing nobly bold,
Whose intellect no power of man could shake,
Nor aught by man bestowed could greater make,
And one I saw whose singing from afar
Floods life with love, as Morn doth songs awake,
And one, who saw God's heaven thro' gates ajar,
And one, whose sparkling books beloved of child-
hood are.

And one was there whom Klio claimed her own,
And many more, who, with or book or pen,
Full oft to minds, all prejudiced, have shown
A woman's wit of equal power to men—
Her intellect as clear, as keen her ken.
On every brow the Angel laurels laid,
And all bowed low in reverence deep, and then
Aside they stood, while that whole concourse made
A passage free for those who fettered men will aid.

And now before that holy Angel stood
Brave women with strong manacles in hand :
“These have we rent that real brotherhood
May surely reign in every clime and land.”
So spake they ; and the Angel broke each band,
As tho' of gossamer they had been made.
“All men are free on home or foreign strand.
Well done, great hearts, your memory ne'er shall fade,
In Heaven the worth is known of your divine
crusade.”

And then he spoke to one who near me stood,
A gentle woman of that happy throng,
Commanding her, whatever womanhood
Had ever sung to God in sacred song,
To write down in a book, that so along
The ages yet to come all men may know
What power to sing to woman doth belong,
And that her dulcet notes will ever flow
To cheer the weary heart in sorrow, toil, and woe.

Another woman stood beside me there,
Loving and grave the smile on her sweet face.
“Go thou,” the Angel said, “to prisons, where
Crime feels the rod ; go also to the place
In which his offspring, suffering his disgrace—
Neglected lives ; bright Hope to one reveal,
The others teach, lest they such ways embrace ;
The hearts of both let Christ’s sweet influence feel,
For He, and He alone, such lives and hearts can
heal.”

Three gifted women then stood all alone,
Awaiting their commission from their God.
“To thee is given,” the Angel spake to one,
“To view where foot of mortal never trod—
Those paths of light, in which God’s staff and rod
The burning stars guide on in peace on high,
Note well how worlds on worlds obey His nod,
And, as thou read’st the wondrous mystery,
Proclaim that He who rules to lowliest path is nigh.”

"And unto thee, my gentle friend, is given,"
The Angel said to one all fair to see,
"To sing sweet snatches of the songs of heaven,
And cheer mankind with such high minstrelsy.
Sing thou for God, and ever draw to thee
All who love truth and beauty, art and song,
And, by thy singing, urge the brave and free
Still to redress all forms of cruel wrong,
And let thine echoes sound the ages all along."

"Come here," he said to one with thoughtful eyes,
"Fain would I speak a word to thee alone."
And she looked forth with solemn, glad surprise,
And walked up meekly to the Angel's throne.
With earnest look, and in a tender tone,
The Angel spoke to her calm words aside.—
Immortal thought she carves in bronze and stone,
Which, truth revealing, ever shall abide.
Her country's joy is she, and of her sex the pride.

Then all these women knelt before the shrine.
The Angel stood, and laid his hands on each.
To consecrate each life to work divine.—
All hearts were filled with thoughts too deep for
speech.
In fervent prayer they all the Christ beseech
To keep, to strengthen, and to guide them ever—
That they God's truth to listening ears may teach—
That sin may vanish from man's home for ever—
That God may grant success to their sincere endeavour.

To heaven ascended sure that holy prayer,
Bright Angels came among them to and fro,
On wings of light they hovered o'er them there,
And all the while they seemed to come and go,
Like those on Jacob's ladder long ago.

And blessings still they bring ; and bear to Heaven
The prayers of all those hearts in joy or woe,
Where'er in life they after that have striven,
And ever to this hour new strength to them have
given.

The prayer is said, and there in power serene,
These women stood before the Angel's face,
Whose eye looked solemn in the glimmering sheen,

For it saw God in His most holy place,
And that to him had given an awful grace !
“ Go forth,” he said, “ and do God's work on earth,
And bless with sympathy the human race,
A lowly woman gave the Saviour birth,
And now to you is given to show that Saviour's
worth.”

Forth sped these women in the Name of God,
And as they went their number still increased,
For many joined them on the great high road,
Whose steps are duty ; and they have not ceased
To labour on : They many a soul released
From sin and crime, from suffering and from woe,
They reck not whom ; the greatest or the least,
All come alike to them ; or friend or foe,
And still they work for Heaven, and still they
onward go !

God's blessing rests upon that saintly band,
And all who help them in their hour of might.
Some toil with brain ; some deftly work with hand ;
Some show how fair is Virtue ; Truth how bright.
Some tend and cheer their households day and night,
Some, to dark souls Faith, Hope and Love reveal,
And all are led by Him Who dwells in light.—
Go forth my Verse ! rekindle woman's zeal
To stamp out crime and sin,—and wounded hearts
to heal !

1888.

A LAY OF FORTY ROMAN MARTYRS.

(CIRC. 120 A.D.)

WHEN Rome was in her glory,
And all men feared her frown,
And when her mighty legions
Had trampled foemen down,
In one of her brave cohorts
Were forty Christian men
Who loved the Christ their Saviour,
As Christians loved Him then.
Much more than life they loved Him,
And counted all things loss
Which stood between their spirits,
And Jesus and His cross.

The haughty Cæsar heard it,
And very wrath was he
That any Roman Soldier
Should dare a Christian be.
He summoned them before him ;
Then spake he in his spleen :
“ I hear you serve and follow
The Jewish Nazarene.
I loathe His Name and hate it,
His followers I despise,
Whoe'er His name confesseth,
That man a felon dies.”

Up spake the forty warriors,
As did such men behove,
“ Great Cæsar we confess it,
That Jesus Christ we love.—
We love Him more than glory,
We love Him more than life,
And nought shall come between us,
Nor home, nor child, nor wife.
He is the King of heaven,
And we revere His Name ;
We never can forsake Him,
Or shun His Cross of shame.”

The Cæsar spake in anger,
“ Unless you soon relent,
On Alpine snows, to perish,
Shall all of you be sent,

And there in the cold and hunger
In nakedness shall die.
Soon shall ye join the legions
Of Him above the sky."

Again the Christian Soldiers
In gentleness did speak ;
"Great Cæsar mock not Jesus,
Who came for us to seek.
He left His throne in heaven,
And came on earth to die,
That we might live for ever
With Him beyond the sky.
He bore the cruel scourging,
The shame, the pain, the cross,
For us He suffered all things,
For us sustained the loss.
Now we for Him will suffer
In death to Him we cling,
Thou art our earthly leader,
But Jesus is our King!"

The Cæsar called the Lictors,
And thus to them spake he,
"Ho ! Lictors, take these Christians,
And let them scourgèd be,
Then to our Alpine regions
Shall they be led to die,
There in the ice to perish,
Unless they Christ deny.—

But if they should repent them,
And to Rome's gods return,
Then let them all be freed men
And here in Rome sojourn."

* * * * *

Cold Winter blows the North wind
Across a frozen lake,
Where forty naked warriors brave
Are bound for Jesus' sake.
No food, no clothes are left them ;
The snow is falling fast,
Their naked flesh doth quiver,
They feel the biting blast.
The cold is fierce around them,
Their hearts are warm with love,
The Christ of God doth send them
Great succour from above.

Close by the lake a station
For thrice five hundred men,
Is stored with fire and clothing
Within those warriors' ken.
If any should relent him,
And curse the Saviour's Name,
He there shall find a welcome,
And warmth beside the flame.

But list, the Martyrs' prayer :
" O Christ the King of heaven,
For Thee have forty soldiers
Forth to their death been driven,

Lord, grant us grace to suffer ;
May forty victors gain
Their forty crowns of glory,
Without a spot or stain."
Fainter the faint sound cometh
To those upon the brink,
And yet no Christian qualeth,
No hearts from suffering shrink.

As night wore on a watcher
Did lay him down to sleep,
While in the camp around him
His comrades vigil keep.
He slept, and dreamt that heaven
Flung wide its pearly door,
Where ransomed souls are entering
In joy for evermore !
To him its portals opened,
He entered,—not alone,—
He saw the Christian Martyrs
File past the Saviour's throne.
To each a crown is given,
But one is still unclaimed,
He reached his hand to grasp it,
But something him detained.
A noise in camp awoke him.
For entrance one applied,
Who, in the cold and hunger,
His Saviour had denied.
They chafe his frozen body,
He soon revives again,

But in his heart forever,
He feels a gnawing pain.

To heaven the prayer ascendeth
From all his comrades true ;
“ Grant, Lord, to yet full forty,
The crown to Martyrs due.”

The dreamer now declarereth
His faith in Jesus’ Name
And forth he steps undaunted,
To bear His Cross of shame !

They strip him of his garments,
And thrust him forth to die,
The thirty-nine receive him
With a faint and grateful cry.

Soon did the cold and hunger,
Their woeful havoc make ;
For forty lifeless bodies,
Lie on the frozen lake.

And now Heaven’s gates fly open,
There forty victors came
Who won their crowns of glory,
By faith in Jesus’ Name ;

And from His hands received them,
Full forty—every one !—
And each crowned Victor heareth
With joy, his Lord’s “ Well done.”

A LAY OF THE WALDENSES (A.D. 1561). (6.)

“Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.”—*Milton.*

BACK from the regal council the faithful pastors come ;
They bring the cruel message of unrelenting Rome :
That all must bow before her, none question her decree,
The Mass, or persecution fierce, their only choice shall be.
Then rose the people’s courage, whose fathers died for
God,
Whose psalms awoke their valleys, whose blood made red
their sod ;
Whose spirits hover o’er them, and, their devotion won,
The sons resolve to suffer now for truth, as they had done.

The Protestants of Dauphiné, Geneva and fair France,
Send forth their timely succour, who to their aid advance ;
From Lucerna Waldenses brave come thronging without
fail,
To help their hunted bréthren in Pragelas’ rich vale.
Forth to a snow-crowned plateau, near Guinevert they
come ;
And there they stand together, against the van of Rome.
Then from the Duke of Savoy the cruel order came :
“To Mass at one day’s notice, or sword, and fire and
flame.”

And now these brave Waldenses, and all their comrades
true,

Ascend a grassy hillock near, 'neath heaven's unclouded
blue.

And there, whole hamlets kneeling upon their native sod,
Their right hand raised to heaven, to swear before their
God ;—

Before high Heaven they swear it,—that they will still
maintain

The truth their fathers left to them without Rome's
deadly stain—

The truth of Holy Scripture, and Apostolic faith,
They to their children's children bequeath by life or death.

Say, O ye heavenly sisters ! who love all truth sublime,
Were not both earth and heaven rejoicing at that time ?
The valley spread beneath them, in greenest verdure clad ;
The river glanced thro' vineyards, which made the valleys
glad !

The snow-capped mountains raising their heads as if in
prayer,

Majestic stood in silence stern, to watch the conflict there.

* * * * *

The tapers burn dimly within yon Roman fane,
Where graven idols flourish by many a saintly name.
The Vaudois enter early, and tear the idols down ;
And rosary and image fine cast forth to strew the town.

And then brave Humbert Artus, their own dear pastor,
came

And preached salvation, only thro' faith in Jesus' Name.

" Assemble, come together, draw near all ye who fled,
For they retain no knowledge who pray to idols
dead.

They know not our Jehovah, who understanding
gave,
Who sacrifice to graven gods, false gods which
cannot save." *

See ! like a rushing torrent, down to Lucerna come,
The people from the mountain tops, to fight for God and
home !

The Piedmontese strong garrison they meet and drive
away,

The monks, and priests, and magnates all fled fast upon
that day.

La Trinita's great army encamps hard by Cavour ;
He sends his scouts to check those men upon a neighbour-
ing moor.

For Pra del Tor, Count Trinita and thrice nine hundred
men,

Marched forth in pride of battle into that savage glen ;
But there the brave Waldenses withstood him face to face,
And soon his gallant soldiers fled back in dire disgrace.

For right in the narrow passage, that gorge so deep and
dread,

Did six Waldensian herdsmen lay many a foeman dead.

* Isaiah xlvi. 20.

Another corps from Pramol, who crossed La Vêchera's
snows,
And fought to force an entrance there, were driven back
with blows—
With blows dealt by Waldenses (who rose from bended
knee,
For which the Baptists hissed them), and by the "Flying
Company."
A third of that great army, from San Martino sent,
Across the rugged mountains to Pra del Tor they went ;
And calling to their comrades, " Haste ! haste, Angrogna 's
ours."
The Vaudois brave withstood them well, helped by the
heavenly powers.

* * * * *

The morning sun is rising to usher in the day ;
The Vaudois are assembling within God's house to pray.
Again upon the mountains two companies appear,
And one comes up the Pra del Tor, with rifle, sword and
spear !
Again the brave Waldenses fight for their God and
home,
Again God gives them victory over the arms of Rome.
And looking round with sorrow upon the heaps of dead,
The Count La Trinita did mourn as low he, trembling,
said :

" It may be true, O Piedmont what oft to me you
say,
That God is fighting for these men, it seemeth so
to-day."

Yet he once more assaulted these people of the Lord,
When six brave Vaudois herdsmen stood forth upon the
guard.

On came the mighty army like that at Thermopylæ,
But not before that mighty host will the brave six herds-
men flee.

Their comrades from the mountains roll deadly boulders
down,

And panic seized the army, who ran to gain the town ;
While some their fellows trample, some find a watery
grave,

And some on the rocks are shattered, and few their lives
can save.

La Trinita had boasted, that Vaudois blood should dye
The waters of their river, red as the evening sky.

Ah me, the waters truly are running red with gore,
But gore it is of soldiers brave whom he shall see no more !
For God to His faithful people, did timely succour send,
And crowned the few victorious, who faith and home
defend.

* * * * *

For many a day the valleys in peace and order lie,
And praise and prayer ascending to God who rules on high,
Do tell of sweet thanksgiving from grateful hearts and
true,

Who render to their Saviour the praise and honour due.
But Rome, who ne'er relenteth, whose vengeance never
sleeps,

A vigil for her victims in sleepless malice keeps.

She weaves a specious story, she tells a lying tale,
She prompts dark Pianeza how he may gain the vale.
The truthful brave Waldenses believe him brave and true,
And listen to his lying tongue,—for this, alas ! they rue !

Ah me ! I hear a wailing in many a peaceful home,
Where wicked men are working now the treacherous will
of Rome,

A thousand base assassins begin their deeds of death,—
In homes which gave them shelter they break their
plighted faith !

Dismay is in Lucerna, in Angrogna is woe,
For fiends from Pandemonium are dealing blow on blow.
On the hills brave men are dying, and in the mountain
flood

Both mother and child are drowning,—the stream flows
dark with blood.

Smoke-clouds from hamlets blazing obscure the mid-day
sun,

For priest and monk are burning now what murder had
begun.

That Goshen is like Mount Etna, that land a furnace
flares,

The Vatican has conquered by lies, and wiles, and snares.

The gentle little children, by ruffian soldiers grim
Are dashed against the pavement stones, or severed limb
from limb.

The sick who lay a-dying,—the old who cannot flee,
Are burned to death in homesteads or wounded on the lea,

And left for wolves to feed on, with arms and legs lopped off,

Their prayer for mercy answered by laugh, and jeer, and scoff.

And some were flayed while living, and some are alive interred,

And some are disembowelled, and some to woe deferred,
Of tortures new invented the muse declines to tell,
But cruel bigots ply them, like angry fiends from hell.

Some Vaudois gained the mountains, who hid in dens and caves,

And came when the storm was over to mourn o'er new-made graves.

And there, in gore-stained garments, they faith in Christ avow,—

And their children in the streets of Rome are preaching Jesus now.

A WELCOME.

To LADY HENRY SOMERSET AND MISS WILLARD.

WE welcome thee sister from over the sea,
And Albion's brave daughter a welcome to thee !
Ye come in the strength of the Spirit of might,
Ye come in the spirit of truth and of right.
God's angels attend you wherever ye move,—
The angels of Purity, Temperance, and Love.
We welcome thee sister from over the sea,
And Albion's brave daughter a welcome to thee !

To you be it given Goliath to slay,
Before you let Drunkenness flee from the day,
Let darkness and misery hide his retreat,
But bring ye his victims to Temperance' feet.
And there in sobriety, clothed with grace,
O let them behold the Saviour's sweet face !
We welcome thee sister from over the sea,
And Albion's brave daughter a welcome to thee !

To the Scoffers, who gather in godless array,
To support the drink traffic : Ah, what shall ye say ?
Speak words of God's love, and forgiveness and peace ;
Proclaim ye that even for them is release
From the bonds of that traffic, which leads into sin,
And persuade them with Christ a new life to begin.
We welcome thee sister from over the sea,
And Albion's brave daughter a welcome to thee !

Your presence encourages toilers who wait,—
And long have been waiting—to open the gate
Which leads unto Purity, Temperance, and Love,
With whom men may walk to God's Kingdom above.
O speak to those toilers for truth and for right,
And they shall go forward renewed in God's might.
We welcome thee sister from over the sea,
And Albion's brave daughter a welcome to thee.

We bid you good speed in the name of the Lord !
And we pray that to you He may succour accord,
To lead in the van of this terrible fray,
Until Purity, Temperance, and Love win the day,—
Until nothing of Drunkenness here shall remain,—
Until Jesus in righteousness only shall reign.
We welcome thee sister from over the sea,
And Albion's brave daughter, a welcome to thee!

December, 1892.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

. . . “ Where is God my Maker,
Who giveth songs in the night ;
Who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth,
And maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven ? ”—JOB.

“ I call to remembrance my song in the night.”—PSALMIST.

Sorrow, that I wearied
Should remain so long,
Wreathed my starry glory,—
The bright crown of *song* !

TO ALL
MY SISTERS AND BROTHERS IN AFFLICTION,
I DEDICATE
THESE “SONGS IN THE NIGHT,”
WITH SINCERE DESIRE
TO COMFORT THEM.

“Comfort ye, Comfort ye my people,
Saith your God.”—ISAIAH.

“Blessed be God !
Even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,—
The Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort ;
Who comforteth us in all our tribulation,
That we may be able to comfort them which are in any
trouble,
By the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of
God.”—S. PAUL.

WAIT.

MORTAL, when thou hearest
 Sweet sounds of mirth,
Ah, then art thou nearest
 To sorrows of earth.
Take timely the warning,
 Make ready thy heart
In sorrow and mourning
 To bear its part.
For things which are sweetest
 Will fade and decay,
And pleasures, the fleetest
 Will vanish away.
The friend, who by Heaven
 Was sent thee to cheer,
Will leave thee bereaven
 In doubt and fear !
Some friends will forget thee,
 Then foes will frown ;
Despair will beset thee,
 To crush thee down.
Wait calm in thy duty ;
 The darkness will fly,
And light with Hope's beauty
 Shall brighten the sky.

With heart full to breaking
 O rest in the Lord,
To weary hearts, aching,
 He aid will afford.
What doubt is now glooming
 In mystery's shroud,
His love is illumining
 Beyond the cloud.
The shadows that hover
 Regard not ; be strong ;
The cloud will pass over,
 And light ere long
With sunshine and gladness
 Upon thee will shine,
And sighing and sadness
 No more be thine.
Whatever betide thee,
 Wait still on thy God,
Trust Him, He will guide thee
 With staff and with rod.
Tho' dangers press round thee
 In sorrow's dark vale,
His angels surround thee,
 No foe can prevail.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

As Evening's calm and sombre shadows cast
A gloom of pensive sadness o'er my spirit,
So to my soul the shadows of the past
Recall those thoughts which sorrow doth inherit.

They tell of scenes without or pain or joy,
Of brightest hopes which ended all in sadness,
Of heavenly pleasures marred by earth's alloy,
Of scenes in which I saw nor smile nor gladness.

They tell of days of toil and nights of woe,
In which my spirit was oppressed and weary,
When oft I knew not where for joy to go—
This cold, hard world was all so sad and dreary.

Within the silent grave, in days long past,
Dear friends were laid, whom Death from me did
sever,
But memory sweet, a halo round them cast,
Which shineth bright, for ever and for ever !

The friends of youth and home from me are gone,—
To other friends and climes their love is given ;
To-night, the moon shines o'er the storied stone
Of many whom I love, who are in heaven.

The holy infant sleeps with folded palms,
Beneath the cross he waits a brighter morrow ;
His gentle voice was sweet as angels' psalms,
His loving smile refreshed my soul in sorrow.

The soldier-friend in war's fierce havoc died ;
Far from his home and kindred dust he sleepeth ;
The scabbard, sabreless, is by his side,
The bivouac at night no more he keepeth.

The surging billows moan the ship above,
Round which my hopes, and wishes fond, did hover ;
And many brave and noble hearts I love
The waves of ocean now alone shall cover !

Ah ! many a chair is empty this lone night,
In many a household nook and fireside ingle ;
And those who once sat there to cheer our sight
Shall never come again, with us to mingle.

Like as a storm, in Autumn's darkest night,
Tears from the oak its greenest leaves and severest,
So has strong Death oft borne from my sight
My best beloved ;—the oldest and the dearest.

And by the graves of many, dead and gone,
I stand alone, by sorrow rudely shaken ;
I see the shadows fading one by one,
As some old friend away from me is taken.

Alas ! no voice is ever heard to sound
From out those graves ; no sign, or word, or token,
Is sent to me from that dark world profound,
Whose silence dread so few have ever broken.

But soon the Morning of this Night shall break
In one great flood of golden light and glory ;
Time's shadows shall disperse ; then shall I take
My treasures from those graves, so dark and hoary !

Father ! my hope is fixed alone in Thee ;
Let me receive whate'er in love is given ;
And when Thou takest aught, give faith to me
That I shall soon meet all I love in heaven.

AN HOUR AGO.

An hour ago,
Fair evening walked in golden stole
Around the Alp's majestic brow ;
A thrill of joy made glad my soul,
But all is past and over now,
The light and glow of summer even
Have vanished from the face of heaven ;
And moonlight clouds,
Like ghosts in shrouds,
Float to and fro athwart the snow,
Where sunbeams shone an hour ago !

An hour ago,
The year's last rose I gave to one
As dear as sister unto me ;
But is is faded,—she is gone,—
Her face I ne'er on earth shall see.
For time's revolving chariot wheels
Between us roll. How fast he steals
Year after year,
Until the sere
Of age and life alike are come,
And then we hasten to our home.

An hour ago,
'Tis gone ; and never can return ;
The transient joys it brought are past,
For nought on earth will long sojourn,
And nothing in this world will last.—
The fairest things are touched by Death,
And fade like flowers : his withering breath
Destroys their sweets.
The lone heart beats
Its requiem low of sorrow and woe,
For joys which died an hour ago.

An hour ago,
The bitter word in anger spoken,
Now wrinkles sore in wounded hearts,
The Lute's sweet sounding cords are broken,
And confidence from life departs.
The evil deed so lately done,
Leaves weary ones to weep alone ;

Great Love is dead,
And Peace is fled ;
Hope faintly tells the day is near,
When God shall wipe away the tear.

An hour ago,
The calm sweet eyes of her we loved
Looked on us from their orbs of light,
But glory o'er their vision moved,
And they are closed in Death's dark night.
Now she beholds the sunless land,
Bright in its radiance she doth stand ;
In that retreat
Her praises sweet,
In rapture flow God's throne below,
She, whom we lost an hour ago !

WEARY.

WEARY ! so weary of life,
Longing for rest, and for death ;
Weary my heart is, and sad,
Longing to yield up my breath.

Weary ! so weary thro' life,
Restlessly travelling alone ;
Weary of breasting the storms,
JESU ! hear Thou my sad moan

Child ! thou art weary, I know,
Longing My heaven to see,—
Breasting the storms all alone !—
Weary one come unto Me.

DE PROFUNDIS.

OUT of the depths of sin and woe,
 And pain and grief,
I cry O Jesu ! Come, O come,
 To my relief.
With bleeding feet, on thorny ways,
 Afar I roam,
O rescue me from all my foes,
 And take me home.
The night is dark without Thy light ;
 The storm is high.
And shadows dread appal my soul,
 O be Thou nigh !
Thou, Thou hast borne the sin and shame,
 For me O God.
Help me to bear *my* cross, and kiss
 Thy chastening rod.
Out of the dark I look to Thee,
 While low I lie.
Thy light shines forth ; I know Thou hearest
 My faintest cry.
Speak to my heart, and give me strength,
 And lead me on.
To Thy great home where friends I love
 Before are gone !

THE WOUNDED WOUNDING.

O BLEEDING hand,
I cannot understand
Why Thou so sorely smitest me !
Teach me, in darkest hours, to trust in Thee.
O Christ my Lord and King,
When Thou to me didst bring
Salvation free, the hand that strikes this blow
Was wounded sore in Thy o'erwhelming woe.

O wounded hand,
Cause me to understand
That for my good Thou smitest me,
Then shall I grow, my Lord like Thee.
Low in the dust
I learn to trust
In Thee my Saviour and my God.
I humbly kiss Thy rod.
Thy grace will me sustain
To bear this grief and pain.—
Tho' nothing now may show
The cause of all my woe,
Hereafter I shall know.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

THEY sleep alone,
No storied stone
Tells of their birth or name ;
And the chilly blast
Of the night sweeps past,
And bewails their death in sad, sad moan,
The sons who are lost to fame.

O'er the unknown dead
In their silent bed
All night pale Nature weeps,
O'er the lonely grave
Of the good and brave
Her cold, cold tears in sorrow are shed,
And her silent watch she keeps.

The starlit skies
With sleepless eyes
Behold each grassy mound ;
And the night bird moans,
Where the yew tree groans,
And the bat in silence o'er them flies
Past that cold and dismal ground.

Come, Christian, here,
And the silent tear,
For those departed shed ;

And list to the song
Of the glorious throng
Of those who are past each doubt and fear,
The holy ones—the blessed dead.

Ah ! say, is there given
The power in heaven,
To those who have failed in life
To do great things
For the King of kings,
Which here, tho' hard they had striven,
They could not do thro' fear and strife ?

THE BLESSED DEAD.

“οἱ ἀεὶ ὄντες.”

How oft in Memory's dewy dawn
Do friends of yore surround us ;
We see each mountain, lake and lawn,
To which affection bound us.

With them, in Life's first opening days,
We roamed thro' field and wildwood ;
And on the Sabbath sang God's praise,
From earliest years of childhood.

Sweet were the hours in pleasure spent,
And fond remembrance ever
Recalls those friends, in mercy sent,
Whom nought from us can sever.

Their memory's blest ! They hover near,
Like light when Day's departed ;
We love them still,—so good, so dear,
So true, so noble-hearted !

They, like to flowers, in kindlier soil
By Death have been transplanted ;
And we are left on earth to toil,
Till our release is granted.

Oh ! for wings to mount the skies,
And enter yonder portals
Of their blest home, where never dies
One child of its immortals !

A RONDEL.

THE SILENT DEAD.

THE silent dead ! Ah, where are they ?—
Christ lives, and He our brethren knows.
But Death to us familiar grows
By friends departing day by day.

I ask at Noon, and Evening grey ;—
The answer comes when Morning glows :
The silent dead ! Ah, where are they ?—
Christ lives, and He our brethren knows.

Each in his narrow bed we lay,
How dear they are each token shows,
Which firm we hold as onward flows
The tide of Time far, far away.

The silent dead ! Ah, where are they ?—
Christ lives, and He our brethren knows.

OUR DEAD.

FROM THE LATIN OF PRUDENTIUS.

SOON shall come the happy hour,
When life's heat again shall seek
Every nerve with quickening power,
And light up the glowing cheek.

Then the forms which now decay,
And in mounds, inactive, lie,
Shall, in gladness, flee away
With their spirits to the sky.

Hence by us the reverence paid
To the tombs of those we love,
Where in solemn pomp arrayed,
Calm they wait the joys above.

Hence the shroud of virgin white,
Which enwraps them, decked with flowers,
Tells, by hope, of pleasures bright
'Mid yon fadeless, heavenly bowers.

Hence the hollowed, rocky cave,
Funeral dirge and holy prayer:
For the body in each grave
Is not dead, but sleepeth there.

THE FERRY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

ONCE I crossed this stream before,
Years since then have passed away ;
Stands the castle as of yore,
Now, as then, the waters play.

In this boat with me, beside
Sat two friends in love and truth,
One was, like a father, tried,
One was flushed with hope and youth.

That one meekly toiled and died,
And unknown his name at last ;
This for fame and glory vied,
Perished he in battle blast.

And, whene'er on days gone by
Think I thus, for evermore
Must my heart in anguish sigh
For the friends I loved of yore ?

No ! united friend with friend
Still remains, for ever one,
And our spirits yet can blend
Though from sight their forms are gone.

Boatman ! take a triple charge,
Which I gladly give to thee ;
For, in this thy little barge,
Two old friends have crossed with me.

WE MEET AGAIN.(7.)

FROM THE GERMAN OF FEUCHTERSLEBEN.

IN God's blest counsel, good and wise,
It is decreed, from what we prize,

That we must part.

And ah ! there is not in our life
More bitter sorrow, deadlier strife,
For any heart.

If unto thee a bud be given,
And thou wilt water it at even,
Of this take heed :

It blooms at morn a rose so bright,
Yet fades it ere the coming night ;
That know indeed !

And has God given a love to thee ?
And dost thou hold it dear in fee,
Thy very own ?

Alas ! in but a little while,
It leaves thee with one sad, sweet smile ;
Then weep alone !

But I would have thee entertain
This hope, which fainting hearts sustain,
When men repeat : We meet again !

A PRAYER.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O DOMINE Deus,
Speravi in Te ;
O care mî Jesu
Nunc libera me :
In durâ catenâ,
In miserâ pœnâ,
Desidero Te.

Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me. Amen.

TRANSLATION.

O LORD my God,
I have hopèd in Thee ;
O Jesu belovèd,
Now liberate me :
In the bond of my chain,
In the woe of my pain,
I am longing for Thee.

Languishing, weeping, and bowing the knee,
I entreat, I implore Thee, to liberate me. Amen.

THE HEART.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERMANN NEUMANN.

Two chambers hath each heart;
Wherein dwell
Both Joy and Grief apart.

When Joy awakes in one,
Then slumbers
Grief deeply in her own.

O Joy, do thou take care,
Speak lowly,
Lest Grief awake ! Beware !

I HOLD STILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.

PAIN's wild, hot flame within me quivers,
My God Himself the fire doth blow,
With anguish sore my stout heart shivers
And trembles at the fiery glow :
Calmly I whisper : "As God will,"
And in the hottest fire hold still.

To lay my weary heart He hastens,
Upon His anvil hard and cold,
And there with hammer strokes He chastens,
And fain His likeness would behold :
I bow, and answer : "As God will,"
And to His heaviest stroke hold still.

He holds my heart, and as He beats it,
The sparks fly off at every blow,
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
He lets it cool, He makes it glow :
Yet calmly speak I : "As God will,"
And in His mighty hand hold still.

And what would profit idle sorrow ?
The trial longer-lived would be,
The end may come and will to-morrow,
If God has done His work in me.
In faith I answer : "As God will,"
And to the end hold by Him still.

He kindles for my profit purely,
The fierce hot flame of pain and woe,
And all the heaviest strokes are surely
From His wise Master hand, I know.
In prayer I whisper : "As God will,"
And wait on Him, and suffer still !

FRUIT AFTER CHASTENING.

“ Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.”—*Tersteegen.*

ALL that God has sent me
From His heaven above ;—
Jesus, and His Spirit,
Wakened in me *Love.*

What the Spirit makes me,
Death cannot destroy,
I have life eternal,
Therefore I have *Joy.*

Storms on earth are raging,
Troubles never cease,
But my Saviour left me
His own gift of *Peace.*

Strife, that sorely wounded,
And of friends bereft,—
When my patience bore it,
Calm *Long-suffering* left.

Veiled and silent Sorrow
Whom I could not see,
Brought, from heavenly kindred,
Gentleness to me.

Scorn and pain I suffered
At men's cruel hands,
Goodness then possessed me,
And their force withstands.

World and Flesh and Satan
Compassed me about,
Faithfulness to Jesus
Put them all to rout.

Bold and shameless sinners
My good name belied,
Meekness, in me yearning,
For their pardon cried.

Drudgery and worry,
In my daily life,
Self-control have taught me,
Now shall end my strife.

Thus, by pain and sorrow,
God works good in me ;
And, for this high service,
Suffers them to be.

GOD'S ACRE.

A REMINISCENCE.

How calmly sleep the dead ! Their night has come,
The long, long night of death when none can work.
Oh ! let this truth sink down into my soul :
For earthly things shall perish soon, and fade
Like Dead Sea fruit, which looks so bright and fair,
But on the lips to acrid ashes turns ;
While holy works, done for the Lord, endure,
And scatter sweetest fragrance evermore.

How dear to meditate at Evening time
Where our beloved ones sleep ! The sacred light
In glory shines upon the holy hills,
And silence reigns supreme thro' all the vale ;
The zephyrs sweet are fanned by angels' wings,
And silver brooks are singing songs of peace.
This is the hour when Meditation calm
Holds high communion with the blessed dead.
And here mine sleep ; how solemn is the place !
Here rests my friend of threescore years and ten,
Whose silver locks and gentle face we loved.
The lips of homeless orphans blessed his name,
And widows spake, with gratitude, his praise.
His spirit lives with God : with joy divine
He quaffs the cup of immortality !
From far-off halls of heavenly light on high,
Where ne'er is seen the shadow of a cloud,
He looks upon the grave where rests his dust ;

Perchance he smiles on me : a spirit's smile is bliss !
And near him lies my youth's sincerest friend,
Who fell beside me in the march of life,
And went to find a home in brighter worlds :
Calm be thy rest, sweet boy ! thou sleep'st in peace,
But may thy spirit hover round me now.
And here is laid the fair-haired child I loved,
Whose bright blue eyes shed light into my heart.
Her brow was fair as snow on sunlit hills,
Her golden hair was bright as sungilt clouds ;
Her dulcet song oft cheered my weary soul,
And filled my heart with longings after God !
Ye ministers of highest heaven, behold,
And watch her sleeping dust, which I would fain
Securely guard from every ill ; like her
Who in sweet water drank the dust of death.(8.)
And here the infant rests, secure from woe,
A bud, ere blown, transplanted into heaven.
More peaceful far than Summer's calmest Eve
Is the repose of childhood's face in death !
And thou, the dearest of our earthly friends,
My sister sweet ! alas, art sleeping here.
Ah ! woe is me, that I am left alone,
Without thy love to cheer me on my way !
Say, do bright spirits from the spirit-world
Watch over and bring succour unto us,
Whom they have loved and left ? Do they look down
And watch us here while we remember them ?
Within our hearts enshrined thy memory dear
Shall dwell apart, like Evening's only star,
Until, with us, it sinks in death's dark night,

And merges soon again at Morning's dawn
Into the holy light of heavenly day !
Ah me ! ah me ! so many friends are gone,
And I am left awhile to linger here.
Oh, if they still were with me, I would pour
My wealth of love into each weary heart,
And make them glad with love the livelong day !
But many friends remain, whom I may love,
And thus fill up what still is left, for Christ,
Who, tho' He clothes Himself with living light,
Did once on earth put on our mortal flesh,
And slept in death, within the silent grave,
And rose again, that He might make the tomb
A highway to the gates of Zion's hill.

And here the epitaph I read of one
Who in his day was wise and good and great,
But not recorded on this stone, his fame,—
That is engraven in the people's hearts.
And thus he lives in many a noble life.
Oh, let his tomb be sacred ! Let the feet
Of pilgrims be directed to his grave.
Beside him lies the wretch who made hearts sad
By his foul deeds and cankering selfishness :
His memory rots ; forgotten be his name.
Here lies a weary heart a little while,
Whom want of love and sympathy laid low.
The simple cross above her grave proclaims
The victory thro' Him Who conquered death,
And opened wide the gates of life to all
Who follow Him from self, thro' pain, to heaven.

How vain the list of titles, and the pomp
Of heraldry and adulation loud
On yonder tomb ! Know that the dead at last
Shall stand without a title save that one
Which God's own Spirit gives to him alone
Who serves the Lord in faith—A SON OF GOD.

Now from this place my busy thoughts take wing,
To think of myriads more who sleep in death.
Yea, all the earth is one great burial place,
And in her bosom large her children rest.
Among the hills the lonely peasant sleeps,
And thousands sleep in city churchyard graves.
In shrouds of burning sand on desert plains,
In shrouds of snow on many a distant Alp,
In fields where war's dread havoc laid men low,
And in the trackless forest's dim recess
Men sleep, and wait the resurrection morn.
Beneath the ocean's pathless waters too,
Yea, every spot of all the earth is full
Of those who lived upon its bosom once.
And thus, as one great sepulchre, it swings
Around the sun, until a brighter Sun
Shall shine upon it, and His voice call forth
The thronging millions from their sleep of death !

How different the beings are who sleep
Within those graves ! Some are the saints of God
Who wait in hope the resurrection morn,—
And some endure the punishment of sin.
The hero, red from gory battle-field ;

The babbler, who once talked of teaching God
To frame His universe ; the bold bad man,
Who railed at God and Christ, and scoffed at Paul ;
The genius, who did prostitute his gifts
To sinful ends ; the miser, who, for gold,
Sold peace of mind and hope of life to come ;
The saint, who, like his Master, went about
Doing his neighbour good ; the holy child,
Who, like a snowflake, came to earth and died ;
The patriarch and prophet and apostle,
And preacher of the gospel, all are there ;
Yea, some of every station, clime, and creed,
Are numbered with the dead, and sleep in death.

And full as is the earth of those who died,
Yet there is room for all who live ; and soon
Shall each repose within his narrow bed.
O God ! my Father, Saviour, Sanctifier,
Prepare my soul for that most solemn hour
When I shall lay me down to sleep in death,
And let me rest in hope, that I shall wake
To life, in Thy dear likeness,—satisfied !

IN MEMORIAM.

W. C.

OBIIT APRILIS XVII. MDCCCXLIX.

My years, alas ! have sadly sped
Since thou—so loved, so dear—
Wast numbered with the blessed dead.
And buried here.

I come, thy well-known grave to see,
And here to think alone of thee.
Calm be the moments which I spend :
To me, kind Heaven, Thy comfort lend.

A solemn awe comes o'er me now,
As by thy grave I stand,
And think how glory crowns thy brow
In that blest land,
Where on the tree of life doth grow
The fruit which all the ransomed know,
And, from the Life of life, is shed
Eternal youth on every head.

As dies a rose in brightest bloom
When storms sweep rudely by,
So death has snatched thee to the tomb ;—
But safe on high
Art thou, where storms shall rage no more ;—
At Jesus' feet on Canaan's shore ;
There in the light of God to stand,
In radiance of that sunless land.

And now, thy harp of lucid gold,
Resounds afar and near,
Whene'er in song the tale is told
 Of love sincere,
Of Jesus Christ, who died for thee,—
The bleeding Lamb of Calvary !
And, as thine eyes behold the King,
Thy voice is raised His praise to sing.

Calm as the silver moonlight sleeps
 On flowers in summer night,
And pure as snow on Alpine steeps
 Is thy delight !
For God has wiped away thy tears,
And calmed thy sorrows and thy fears,—
Now thou art near the glassy sea,
Life's crystal stream flows bright for thee.

May I through grace yet follow thee
 To yon bright world above,
Where I my Saviour's face shall see,
 Him praise and love,
With those who walk, arrayed in white,
Thro' all the glowing worlds of light,
And holy songs in rapture sing
 For ever, to my Saviour King.

Jesu ! while here on earth I stay
Be Thou my Lord and Friend,
And wheresoe'er my footsteps stray,
 My walks attend :
O guide me with Thy counsel here,
In hours of wild despair be near ;
And, at the last, may life's rude storms
But land me safely in Thine arms.

LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE and Death—are holy Angels
Crowning victors from the fight :
Life and Death—are God's Evangelists
Bringing spirits truth and light.

In our hearts are vanished faces ;
In our homes are vacant chairs ;
In our memories sunny places,
Treasuring all that once were theirs.

In our ears are sounds of sorrow,
Snatches, too, of sweetest song !
Those, alas, from earth we borrow,
These, thank God, to them belong.

Waiting eyes beseech the heaven
Once to open to our sight :
Or, that unto us be given
With our loved ones heaven's delight.

Heaven is rest, and glad reunion :
Heaven is life, and joy, and peace ;
Heaven is bliss, and sweet communion ;
Heaven is love that ne'er shall cease.

HADES.

WHEN the night is calm and cloudless, stars of brightest
glory shine ;
When the heart is pure and holy, dwells within us light
divine.

And, as shine the stars in heaven, when no clouds come
up between,
So to holy trusting Sorrow, saints in light are clearly
seen.

Dear the memory which we cherish of our holy, happy
dead,
Who unseen do hover round us, and their influence o'er
us shed.

Then the calm submissive spirit, sees, thro' tears, the
heavenly land,—
Holds communion with bright spirits, who before their
Saviour stand.

Christ is there, and holy Angels, Prophets and the Saints
in light ;
Patriarchs, and all our kindred, who have fought and
won the fight.

They, a cloud of earnest witness, stationed on the heights
of heaven,
Watch us while we fight and wrestle with the foe before
us driven.

And we pray, "Lord God Almighty, let Thy glorious
kingdom come.
Then shall we, with all the faithful, enter our eternal
home."

Soon will Christ, the great Immanuel, take unto Him
power, and reign,
And unlock the gates of Hades, where the spirits now
remain.—

There departed souls are gathered to the fathers of our
race,
And the holy saints with rapture, see their Saviour face
to face.

And alas ! the souls of sinners, in their sorrow there
abide,
Past the gulf of separation, bear they what to sin betide.

Is there hope that in the darkness light may dawn on
them at last?

Shall they find that sin's dread burden may while there
aside be cast?

Will the punishment and anguish suffered there 'mid
woe's loud din,

Make them shun the path rebellious—the dark and
thorny path of sin?

Conscious of their joy and glory, rest in peace the holy
saints;

Conscious of their separation, sinners wail in loud com-
plaints.

Those, as Kings and Priests, with Jesus, soon shall reign
o'er all the earth,

These, remorseful and tormented, suffer sorely sin's desert.

Those, thro' glistening tears of sorrow, we behold, by
faith, above,

These, in woe and tribulation, bear the stroke of slighted
love.

Those, all free from sin and error, soon shall enter
heaven's bright home,

These, in darkness and desertion, wait for judgment yet
to come.

Those have eyes to see the future, and adore the love
of God,

These see nought save in the present, while they feel
stern Justice' rod.

Those have eyes for retrospection, and God's grace to
them behold,

These look back on desolation which they wrought in
days of old.

Those have eyes for introspection, and thrice Holy ever
sing,

These their sinful hearts beholding, feel remorse with
goading sting.

In God's Paradise are waiting all who served the Lord
while here,

All their travail now is ended, wiped away is every tear.

Christ in glory high exalted, they behold at God's right
hand,

Far above all heavens reigning, nought can now His
power withstand.

Not the fulness of the glory, yet possess the saints above,
They are waiting till the remnant all shall taste redeem-
ing love.

Waiting till, again united, soul and body both shall
stand,

Bright and glorious, in the radiance of that holy, sunless
land !

Where, for us, abiding-places, Christ the Lord doth now
prepare,
Soon His righteous word of judgment shall decide who
enters there.

First shall Death restore the body, which the grave in
darkness hides ;
Hades, too, shall yield the spirit which in it erewhile
abides.

Open wide, ye gates eternal ! white-robed saints shall
enter in,
Jesus, our Almighty Saviour, vanquished Death, atoned
for Sin.

Lord, Creator ! guide our footsteps in the path of duty
now,
That hereafter crowns of glory may encircle every brow.

Jesu, Merciful Redeemer ! cleanse our souls from sin and
shame,
Make us Thy disciples wholly, write on us Thy Saving
Name.

Holy Spirit, Sanctifier ! dwell within our hearts in love,
Make us meet, O Lord, to enter thro' the gates to heaven
above.—Amen.

EVERMORE.

IN the future earth and heaven
We shall live, where peace is given
Unto all who, faithful ever, Christ's reproach in this
world bore :
Where the morning always shineth,
And the daylight ne'er declineth,
Where shall stand for ever open, all the day the jewelled
door.
Where the ransomed souls are entering, whence heaven's
radiant splendours pour

Evermore.

Where, redeemed from every nation,
Holy men in adoration
Lowly bow, while sweetest praises dove-like up to Jesus
soar.
Where to Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ascribed are glory, might, and merit ;
There secure, there safely gathered, thence shall we go
out no more :
All earth's travail there is ended, all life's grief and suffer-
ing o'er

Evermore.

Where the living ones are praising,
And the elders ever raising
Songs of joy and exultation when they stand God's throne
before

Chanting, "Holy, Holy, Holy,
Is the Lord the God Almighty."
Who their sins and ours atoned for by His Cross and
Passion sore,
Now with grateful hearts uplifting, Him they worship
and adore

Evermore.

Where the cry of woe and sadness,
Ne'er is heard amid the gladness
Of the children there disporting on that bright and happy
shore,
Where the sainted dead are waiting,
And their spirits consecrating,
Where with them in peace eternal we shall think on days
of yore,—
(Days of sorrow, death, and darkness, when our hearts
were sad and sore.)

Evermore.

Where the presence of our Saviour
Is vouchsafed in gracious favour
Tenderly to all His loved ones, who His absence here
deplore :
Death to them was but the portal
Of that glorious home immortal.
Oh ! the joy, and bliss, and pleasure there to see whom
heretofore
Tho' they loved they ne'er beheld Him : There to love
Him more and more

Evermore.

Where the saints in light inherit
From the comfort-giving spirit,
Joy eternal, peace abounding, from High Heaven's
exhaustless store.

Where they sing redemption's story,
And adore the King of Glory,
Who on Calvary died to save them, who the signs of
suffering wore.

Now they serve in holiest rapture, Him they loved in
days of yore

Evermore.

Where the tree of life doth flourish,
Bearing fruit that nations nourish.

Where earth's burning thirst or hunger never can assail
us more,

For the Lamb Himself shall feed us,
And to living fountains lead us,

Where the sparkling waters flowing in the light for ever-
more,

Into life's calm stately river all their freshness they out-
pour

Evermore.

Where the Martyr's blood-stained streamer
Floats in sight of his Redeemer,

Where before the feet of Jesus rests he now life's conflict
o'er.

Where the Christ shall lead and guide us,
Where no evil can betide us,

And the Holy Spirit ever God's lost image doth restore,
Unto all who there shall enter holiness doth He restore

Evermore.

Where our loved and lost shall meet us,
And with sacred rapture greet us,
We with them our Father's Kingdom shall eternally
explore.
Thro' the valleys o'er the mountains,
By the lakes, and woods, and fountains,
Far from sin's deceitful pleasures ; far from this world's
deafening roar,
While we gain angelic knowledge, while we learn all
saintly lore

Evermore.

Where, around God's throne ascending,
Worlds revolve past worlds descending,
We shall see with awe and wonder ; and in rapture stand
before !
Then, at will, throughout creation,
Visit every world and nation.
Thro' those tracts of light and shadow we shall with the
Angels soar,—
Thro' those boundless worlds far reaching, which hath
ending nevermore

Evermore.

Where no sunbeam ever smiteth,
And no moonbeam ever lighteth,
We shall walk in light for ever, and to God the Lord
outpour
All our songs of praise, unceasing,
Which, in volume still increasing,

Roll for ever and for ever! where the saints God's grace
implore,—

Grace to sing that song eternal, from the Lord they all
implore

Evermore.

Where the sacred light of heaven,
Brighter far than seven times seven
Of the suns of all creation shines upon the golden floor.
Where the countless millions, lowly,
Pray before the throne, all holy,
Of their gracious God and Father Who erewhile with
them forbore.

There with them our God and Father we shall worship
and adore

Evermore.

A TRIOLET.

GOD THE SON.

JESUS CHRIST, I love Thy Name !
Thou art my Saviour, and my Lord ;
Thy gracious promise I will claim.

Jesus Christ ! I love Thy Name.
Thy saving truth will I proclaim,
And magnify Thy holy word.

Jesus Christ, I love Thy Name,
Thou art my Saviour, and my Lord !

THE CAPTIVITY.

A POEM

IN FIVE CANTOS.

“ By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down,
Yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.”

PSALMIST.

“ C'est là le mystère après lequel soupirent toutes les âmes exilées
qui s'affligen sur les fleuves de Babylon, en se souvenant de Sion.”

BOSSUET.

THIS POEM
IS DEDICATED
TO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL
WHO ARE SCATTERED ABROAD,
IN THE SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE
OF THEIR RESTORATION TO THEIR OWN LAND,
“WHEN THE TIMES OF REFRESHING SHALL COME
FROM THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD ;
AND HE SHALL SEND
JESUS CHRIST,
WHICH BEFORE WAS PREACHED UNTO YOU :
WHOM THE HEAVEN MUST RECEIVE
UNTIL THE TIMES OF THE RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS,
WHICH GOD HATH SPOKEN
BY THE MOUTH OF ALL HIS HOLY PROPHETS
SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN.”

THE CAPTIVITY.

CANTO FIRST.

JERUSALEM.

I.

As Evening sleeps on Zion's hill,
Mild is the holy, fragrant air,
Hushed is the sacred choir, and still :
Heart voices only breathe the prayer ;
All toil has ceased ; awhile is bowed
In silent prayer the awe-struck crowd.—

The trumpet's sound the air has riven,
In silver notes it swells along,
And echoes thro' the bright blue heaven,
Clear as the Nightingale's sweet song ;
And see ! the clouds of incense rise
From many a holy sacrifice ;
On every house-top knees are bent
In humble prayer and penitent.

II.

Oh ! who has knelt in earnest prayer
On Zion's mount, and would not there,
From dawn of morn till starry even,
Still supplicate the throne of Heaven ?

Moriah's hill ! where Abraham's faith,
When sorely tried, and found sincere,
Received his son as if from death,
All men with sacred love revere.

There Zion's temple stands, the pride
Of Jewry and the world beside,
Round which the dust of sages sleeps,
And God's own eye its vigils keeps.
There, angels from His shining throne
In messages of love and grace
Proclaimed His will in ages gone
To Abraham's belovèd race.

III.

All hail ! thou holy mountain, where
Is ever heard the voice of prayer :
Ezekiel's feet thy turf once trod,
And, in a vision clear descried,
He saw that glorious house of God
Which as thy crown shall yet abide.
Isaiah heard the heavenly choir
Sing, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord,"
And here his lips were cleansed by fire,
Ere he the sacred Name adored.

From hence he hurled his Burdens forth
Against the nations of the earth.—
And here the Royal Minstrel poured
His golden numbers to the Lord.
No other spot on earth has known
Such glories!—they are thine alone.

IV.

The wind is hushed, the night is still,
The Paschal moon o'er Zion's hill
Rains down her beams of holy light
Upon the sacred air of Night;
And sweetly sounds lone Kedron's stream,
As music heard when one doth dream!
Slowly the silent hours are told,
Till Morning from his locks of gold
Shakes sparkling dews in pearls away,
And opens wide the gates of Day!
From every country,—every clime,—
Come proselytes at Paschal-time,
To pay their homage to the King —
Of Heaven, and their offerings bring.
The Indian prince in shining gold,
And Afric's hunter stern and bold;
The patriarchal Arab sheik,
With hoary locks and swarthy cheek,
Whose lofty brow and piercing eye
Both tell of noble lineage high.
Assyria sends her warlike son,
And Græcia many a noble one.

And men unknown, from farthest East,
Come now to keep the Paschal feast.
The trumpet's signal sound is given ;
The smoke ascending up to heaven
From morning sacrifice, with prayer,
Moves slowly through the hallowed air.

v.

And now the Temple's holy ground
The thronging multitudes surround,—
The golden gates ; the bright abode
Where dwell the holy priests of God ;
And central Temple's turrets rise,
Like fingers pointing to the skies.—
A thousand Levites serving, wait
On priests in holy worship bowed,
The janitors attend the gate
There to admit the silent crowd,
A thousand singers raise on high
God's holy praise in minstrelsy.
Between each pause of prayer, they sing
The Psalms of Israel's Warrior King.

vi.

Musica ! daughter of the skies,
How oft, when godless passions rise,
Hast thou a holy calmness shed
O'er aching heart or burning head.
Thy voice has made the wildest fears
To melt away in painless tears.

But oh ! how sweet when sacred song
Echoed through holy aisles along,
Of Zion's fane in chant and psalm,
In Morning's hush, or Evening's calm ;
And bore like incense to the skies
The thankful heart's best sacrifice !
Such moments are a foretaste given
While yet on earth of joys of heaven.
Happy the soul so pure and calm
Who joins in such sweet chant and psalm,
Which, soaring dovelike to the skies,
Upbears the heart in ecstacies.

VII.

Amid the songs of praises there,
Which rise to God at morn and even,
Is heard the voice of Adah's prayer ;
As she assails the ear of Heaven.
Hers are the sweetest notes that rise
In love and rapture to the skies !
And hers the holiest prayers that tell
To God the hopes she loves so well.
Her spirit loved the courts of God,
Where, with her brother she abode,
He the High Priest of Aaron's line,
And she his sister, half divine !
Now while she touched her harp's bright strings,
When prayer and sacrifice were o'er,
A holy psalm with joy she sings,
Which angels up to heaven bore.

VIII.

Praise God, ye nations ! praise His Name
With cheerful songs for mercies given.
His goodness lasts in love the same—
Praise ye, O praise the King of Heaven.

IX.

To Him your portals open wide,
Admit Him and His shining train :
On earth vouchsafes He to abide—
With joy His heralds entertain.

X.

Messiah's day the Lord declares :
Rejoice, ye people ! sing glad songs ;
Your joy the outcast heathen shares,
Messiah's Name to all belongs.

XI.

Hosannas to His Name be sung,
And Alleluias to Him given,
By every tribe and every tongue
Of men on earth and saints in heaven.

XII.

Messiah ! take Thy rightful throne,
Great David's kingly sceptre bear,
To Thee, and unto Thee alone
We look for help ;—O hear our prayer !

CANTO SECOND.

THE SIEGE.

I.

THE fervent wish,—the holy prayer
To heaven ascend—find entrance there
 Before the throne of God.
But deeds of sin and wrath and wrong,
Tho' suffered patiently and long,
Will God's dire vengeance sore prolong
 Whene'er He lifts His rod.
False Judah's sin, from age to age,
Despite the warning of the Sage,
 Or Holy Priest or Seer,
Had grown beyond all bounds so great,
That Judges, sitting at the gate,
 For love of gold, equivocate,
 Nor law nor truth revere.
With idols foul God's holy place
Abounded ; and such foul disgrace
Marked the degraded populace
 In every deed and word,
That few revere Jehovah's shrine,
Few to His holy laws incline,
 Few battle for the Lord.

II.

To vilest gods of wood and stone
Beneath the groves, on mountains lone
Their evil rites were held.
And there, most shameful to behold,
With deeds too sinful to be told,
They worshipped, like their sires of old,
Who 'gainst the Lord rebelled,—
Moloch, besmeared with blood and tears,
Fierce god, who children's voices hears,
Tho' drowned by drumming noise.
Chemosh, the god of wanton rites,
Their worship foul, alas ! invites,
And sinful zeal employs.
To Baälim and Ashtoreth
They plight their troth with maudlin breath,—
Yea, all the horrid crew
Which men devise to please their lust—
On which to fix a baffled trust,
Like building piled on yielding dust,
With God, the Rock, in view.

III.

Vengeance for sin, tho' long delayed,
Will surely come at last ;
Then idle words in anguish prayed
Are borne upon the blast,
And never reach Jehovah's ear,
Or ne'er are heard on high ;

And Mercy, mocked for many a year,
Brings only Justice nigh.
God's curse came down upon the land
In vengeance sore and dread ;
Jehovah lifted high His hand
To strike the rebels dead,
Who long had mocked at Mercy's smile,
And scouted Pity's tear ;
Who worshipped idols base and vile,
Who no reproof would hear
From Prophets, sent by God most high,
Who waits to hear the suppliant's cry,
Who bringeth His salvation nigh
To all who will repent.
Alas ! the sin-bedevilled mind
Is to all truth and warning blind,
And to all evil lent.
The Prophet asks : " Why will ye die ? "
The people still believe a lie.

IV.

Assyria comes with all her host,
And hems the city in ;
Judah proclaims her idle boast
In Egypt ; who when wanted most
Hath disappeared, like fabled ghost,
And left her in her sin.
God's prophet now, the people doom
To plunge into a living tomb,—
A dungeon foul and dread.

And there, alas ! for many a day,
In darkness, filth, and miry clay,
The holy Seer neglected lay
 Forsaken as one dead.
But war was at the gate without,
The Gentile legions' lusty shout
 Was heard afar and near,
And Famine, with her wolfish eye,
Saw men in trembling groups go by,
And heard the hungry mothers' cry,
 Whom their own children fear.

v.

The heathen gathered far and near
 Around the city wall ;
Now shine the glittering sword and spear
And bow and shield in pomp appear.
 Now many to the watchman call :
“ Say, watchman from yon turret high,
Is any succour drawing nigh
To save the city ere we die ? ”
The watchman strains his eager sight
 And holds his beating heart.
But ah ! for many a day and night
Nought could he see from his lone height,
 No hope of help impart.
At last a muffled noise he hears,
A dancing gleam of steel appears
Alas ! it is the foemen's spears ;
 They come to storm the wall.

Shout ! watchman ! sound the loud alarm ;
Ye men of Judah ! rise and arm ;
Save, save from this impending harm ;
Your foe with might appal.

VI.

Whose life is pure, his hand is strong ;
But whoso deals in guilt and wrong
Is cowardly and weak ;
And whoso for the Lord would fight,
Or e'er do battle for the right,
And conquer all in heavenly might,
Must holy be and meek.
Whoso relies on God most High,
And hears in peace the battle-cry,
And calmly goes to fight or die,
God's power alone doth seek.
Now Judah's arm is weak indeed ;
Each heart is stricken like the reed
When broken by the blast.
Their gods, in whom they put their trust,
Are trampled in the mire and dust,
And God the True, the Good, the Just,
Some call upon at last.

VII.

But ah ! too late when Mercy's hour
Is past :—when judgments, boding, lour,
The sword of Justice doth devour
Those who have sinned so long.

Now shrieks of women fill the air,
And men, in gloomy, dark despair,
Nor fight nor offer up a prayer,
 But all together throng.
The foe comes on, and now the wall
 Is stormed ; and one by one
The outposts yield, till gained are all—
 The fortress now is gone !
The heathen with each other vied
 To spoil, destroy, and slay ;
Like hungry wolves, unsatisfied,
 They tear and rend their prey.

VIII.

The cry of anguish and the prayer
Which some raise high, in wild despair,
 Are answered by a yell.
They come in desperate force along,
Led by Sharezer, bold and strong,
That motley, fierce, and warlike throng,
 Like angry fiends from hell.
As mounts a fire in fury dread,
When nought obstructs it overhead,
They come, with brands all fiery red,
 Across the battered wall.
And there those countless myriads fight
The famished people till the night,
And slaughter all in ruthless might,
 Nor hear they Pity's call.
And now a fiercer, deadlier foe
Despoils the city ; high and low

The fire, in flames of angry glow,
Spreads wide afar and near ;
And gentle women bruised and gashed,
With brains of their own children splashed,
Whom foemen 'gainst the stones had dashed,
Stood by in hopeless fear.

IX.

And Judah's king is captive led
Amid the dying and the dead,
A heathen monarch's prize.
The Gentile king, he, trembling, sees,
Who in fell anger stern, decrees :
That he must lose his eyes
And then be led to Babylon
To suffer there for evil done
Against the monarch's name.
The temple court in ashes lies,
To God a chosen remnant cries,
Tho' conquered and in shame.
And God, who will no sinner clear,
While e'er he lives in sin, will hear
The cry of those, who, trembling, fear
His holy, righteous Name.
And while stern Justice wields the sword
Of vengeance for her outraged Lord,
Kind Mercy hears the faintest word
That Penitence doth breathe,
And opens wide the gates of Love
For all who by repentance prove
Sincere in thought and deed.

CANTO THIRD.

THE EXILES.

I.

OH ! who has seen the light of even
Gild earthly things with hues of heaven,—
Has seen the glorious orb of day
Shed on the earth his parting ray,
As he o'er lake, and lawn, and rose,
A thousand beauties freely throws,
And each, as it sped quickly past,
Seemed brighter, lovelier than the last,
And would not gladly soar away,
With him, to realms of cloudless day,
And live where suns might ever shed
Their dazzling glory round his head ?

II.

In this sweet hour, with beauties rife,
 Of golden heaven and sunlit sea,
When man forgets the cares of life,
 And 'tis a pleasure but to be !
When sorrows in the hush of even
 Are borne with calm and holy peace,

Or lose themselves 'mid joys of heaven,
And for a time their conflicts cease ;
A Jewish maid, by Babel's towers,
Sat down to think of happier hours,
A captive on a foreign strand,—
An outcast in the Gentiles' land,
Where Israel's God was never known,
And men bowed down to gods of stone.

III.

Alas ! the sin of Jewry now
Has laid her pride and glory low,
And for her people's punishment,
God used as His dread instrument
The heathen, on destruction bent,
To lead His Israel far away,
And leave their homes to slow decay.
And here, alas ! doth Adah mourn
For her dear land—distressed, forlorn.
Not Belus' temple, nor the halls
Of palaces, with gilded walls ; —
Nor towers kissed by floating clouds,
Like giants wrapped in flaming shrouds,
Could make her sad thoughts rest on them—
Her heart was in Jerusalem.

IV.

Jerusalem ! more welcome far
To Jewish eyes, than polar star

To mariner on dusky sea,
When billows toss tempestuously.
And dearer, too, than desert springs,
Which cheer the pilgrim's wanderings.
For there the holy temple stands,
The envy of the heathen bands,
Where dwelt the awful King of kings,
In glory 'twixt cherubic wings,
Where music swelled at morn and even,
In concert with the choirs of heaven.

v.

Judæa's hills ! where prophets saw
Before their eyes bright glories spread,
In trembling, and with solemn awe,
And they became like beings dead,
The future's undiscovered womb—
The vision bright of things to come !
Compared with their pure, heaven-taught light
The Gentiles' knowledge was but night.
And Jericho's sweet groves of palm,
Of rose, and orange ; and the balm
Of Gilead, given in tenderness
By God, His suffering ones to bless,
Yea, every scene and lovely spot,
From cloud-capt hill to lowly grot
The Jew loves all and every part,
Where'er his lot on earth is cast
There would he come, like stricken hart,
To rest in death's calm sleep at last.

VI.

Now Adah mourns her country's fall,
And to her God in prayer doth call.
Ah ! shall, she thought, the good, the brave,
Inherit but a captive's grave ?
Shall Zion's harps no more be strung ?
Shall all her songs be hushed in death ?
Shall we no more with joyful tongue
Bless Him who gave us life and breath ?
Shall only prayerful sighs be given
As offerings to the throne of heaven ?
Shall naught possess our souls but fears,
And waiting eyes be dimmed with tears ?
Shall Israel's glory fade away,—
Her Temple in the dust decay ?

VII.

Foul war ! not only those who come
To an untimely gory tomb
Are victims to thy treacherous blade,
But many thus are victims made
By suffering, and bereavement prest,
Whene'er thou showest thy crimson crest.
Oh ! may thy devastating blast
Be blown against thyself at last,
And may thy fiercest, loudest call
Be, when thy dogs—thy bloodhounds all—(9.)
Beneath their own destruction fall !

Haste, holy day ! when sin shall cease,
And nations shall remain in peace,
When round God's altar endless praise
Shall man to Great Jehovah raise,
And all be joy, and nevermore
Shall nations learn the art of war.

VIII.

A harp of Judah, once so dear,
Hung on a drooping willow nigh.
Her eyes fell on it, while a tear
Stole down her pale cheek silently.
Æolian strains came from its cords,
Which spake to her far more than words.
Her sad eye beamed, like yon bright star,
Whose glory reached her from afar ;
She took the harp—her fingers swept
Its cords—but ere she sang she wept,
And then in measured accents low
To listening Heaven she told her woe.

IX.

Where now may Israel find a home ?
Who shall the captive save ?
Is no deliverer to come—
No comfort but the grave ?
O great Messiah ! Prince of peace,
Come Thou, and bid our wand'ring cease.

X.

Here by Euphrates' stream we sit,
In lone captivity.

We to Thy will, O God, submit,
And look for help to Thee.

Make bare Thine arm, Almighty Lord,
Thy timely aid to us afford.

XI.

"Come sing us one of Zion's songs,"
Our foes in scorn demand.

Oh ! never by unwilling tongues
In this the Gentiles' land.
Our songs we must reserve for God,
Tho' bowed beneath His chastening rod.

XII.

Oh ! never, never shall we sing
The song of happier time,
Or tune our harp's sweet sounding string
'Neath sun of foreign clime.
But when our God deliverance brings,
Then shall we praise the King of kings.

XIII.

Jerusalem ! we hope to see
Thy God-lit glory yet ;
In foreign lands to think of thee,
The Jew shall ne'er forget ;
To see thy joy, tho' desolate,
We pray in hope, and watch and wait.

XIV.

Lord ! bring Thy children home again,
The covenant land to see,
Moriah's mount shall echo then
With joyful praise to Thee !
Both day and night unceasing song
To Thy great Name shall we prolong !

XV.

Her white hands touched the warbling strings,
As moonbeams touch the mountain springs ;
She ceased ; the music died away,
As forest notes on summer day,
When Evening's zephyrs whisper peace,
When hushed is every sound of earth,
And when the birds their woodnotes cease,
And thoughts awake of heavenly birth.

XVI.

Her hand shall wake those strings no more,
For she is cold and dead,
And to a brighter, happier, shore
Her spirit fair, hath fled.
There, in sweet songs, for aye to tell
Her God of all she loved so well,
And there to see in vision clear
The mystery, wrapped in darkness here !

CANTO FOURTH.

BABYLON.

I.

THE crown is fallen from Judah's brow,
The sceptre from her hand,
She roams a lonely outcast now,
Deserted is her land.

The Gentile kingdoms, one by one,
Henceforth shall bear the sway
Of empire, till their work is done,
When they shall pass away !

Great Babylon, who rules, shall fall
When Medes and Persians rise,
To Macedon shall Fortune call,
And that shall Rome chastise !

Then, when the Cæsars reign, shall He
Descend to earth from heaven,
To Whom, by God's allwise decree,
The kingdom shall be given.

But weary years shall come and go,
For man to work his own proud will,
Satan shall baffle friend and foe,
Till he his evil deeds fulfil.

But when man ceases to contend
All wickedness and woe shall end.

II.

In Babylon the exiles see
The glory of idolatry ;—
The gods of silver and of gold,
And symbols dark, in temples old,
The forms of might, which stand around
To guard the consecrated ground,
Intelligence and strength pourtray,
Boldness, and power to soar have they.
See ! on her hundred gates of brass,
The morning sun in glory shines,
Thro' which the thronging people pass
To worship at her golden shrines.
Upon the walls great height above,
Six chariots roll in file along,
Near hanging gardens made for love,
Whence sounds the jocund voice of song.
Those gardens bloom amid the skies,
Two million men their glory raised,
The wondering captive stands amazed
Ere he his task in sorrow plies.
Great arches o'er Euphrates' tide,
From palace gate to palace span,
Whence armies march in pomp and pride,
To hunt the chase or conquer man.

III.

Hark while yon herald cries with might—
“ It is the King’s august command
To you, O nations, at the sight
Of my great image which doth stand
In Babylon’s triumphant land ;
Whene’er you hear the sound of harp,
Of cornet, flute, and sackbut clear,
And psaltery and dulcimer,
That all in reverence draw near
And worship this the symbol great
Of my dominion, or the sharp
And furious flames beside yon gate
Shall soon rebuke your rebel strife,
And end at once your crime and life.”

IV.

Prostrate the servile people fall
To worship that dumb god of gold :
The mean and noble, young and old,
Upon the idol loudly call.
Symbol of earthly might and power,
To which mankind in every age,
The young and old, the fool and sage,
In courtly hall and hermitage,
Bow down and worship every hour.
But some, of truer, firmer trust
In God, and all things pure and high,
Will not fair Reason’s gift belie,
And worship earthly power and lust.

But now, as then, they stand aloof,
And will not God's great Name betray ;
They look to Him, tho' far away :
They own His right alone to sway
The rod of empire and of might.
To threat and menace, scorn and slight,
In faith and patience, they are proof.

v.

An accusation now is made
Against three servants of the Lord
Who disregard the monarch's word
To bow the knee when serenade
Is made to his great god of gold !
And these three youths so true and bold
Are cast into the lake of fire.
Ah ! many a time ere then, I ween,
And often since, may that be seen,
When wicked men in fiendish ire
Against God's servants' peace conspire,
And trail their names in filth and mire,
 And damn them and demean.
But all in vain, for God shall wake
In their behalf, and vengeance take
Upon the rebels, scattering wide
Their foes and His ; and like the tide
That dashes 'gainst the rock in rage,
 And spends itself in spray,
He shall their devilish wrath assuage,
 And cast their bonds away.

VI.

Lo ! four men, loose, walk thro' the fire,
For their own God has come
To controvert that judgment dire,
And lead his children home.
Safe in the fierce and raging heat
Are they ; for God is there.
To them it proves a calm retreat
Like that we find in prayer.
And thus, for ever, when distress
Rends sore the weary heart,
God, in His gracious tenderness,
Comes down the weary one to bless,
And heal affliction's smart.
Or with His children He remains
To soothe and lighten all their pains.

And as to some in Babylon
The idol was a snare,
So Gentile kingdoms one by one
Shall each its witness bear
To selfish glory more than God,
And worship idols vain,
And strive to grasp and wield the rod
Of empire oft again.
And ever till the Christ shall come
Shall Gentile glory be
In Media, Persia, Greece, and Rome,
A snare and mockery.

And God's true Israel still looks on
To Zion's hill from Babylon !

VII.

Ah me, a subtle plot is laid
Against the man whom God doth love,
But yet his prayer is duly made
To Him who hears in heaven above.
The counsel of these wicked men
Prevails awhile, and he is cast
Into the savage lions' den.
Does evil triumph now at last ?
Ah no ! tho' Virtue feeble seem,
And for a time be trampled down,
Hope sees afar deliverance gleam ;
And tho' the wicked rage and frown,
She knows Jehovah will redeem
His loved ones, and with triumph crown.
The lions' mouths are stopped for him,
 Safe he comes home again,
But they whose cup is to the brim
Filled up, are cast to lions grim,
And they are torn limb from limb,
These evil and profane.

VIII.

Belshazzar's feast is long and loud,
Without a shade of gloom,
But see ! before the awe-struck crowd,
A hand, as from a glory-cloud,

Or from a long-forgotten shroud,
Appears, and writes his doom !—
His boasted valour all is fled,
Awake his guilty fears.
His face, erewhile besotted, red,
Is pale as one already dead,
His heart is filled with gloomy dread,
His eyes can weep no tears.
God's servant comes, and tells him all—
When wise Chaldeans failed—
The secret writing on the wall,
Which king and courtiers appal,
Before which all had quailed,
Is God's decree against his sin :
“ MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.”—
Each, loud his lot bewailed !

IX.

Thus every power on earth shall fail,
And crumble in the dust ;
Tho' rebels 'gainst Jehovah rail,
And suffering millions hourly wail,
And force and wrong at times prevail,
Yet fall they shall, and must.
When Christ shall take His power and reign
O'er all the earth in peace,
Then slaves shall free-men be again,
And warfare dread, and woe, and pain
On all the earth shall cease.

Who does not long that time to see,
And will not labour man to free
From all his sin and misery,
And work for his release ?

X.

As to the Jews in Babylon
Deliverance was sent,
When Persia led her armies on,
Thus foes within, and foes anon,
Who seemed on murder bent !
So differing forces shall combine
Against the Church of God,
And seek her faith to undermine
And desecrate each holy shrine,
Then Jesus, in His power divine,
Shall with His iron rod
Scatter in foul and fell disgrace
Her foes and His before His face.

XI.

Before another Prophet's eye,
Are spread bright visions from on high,
Of things which mystic seem,—
A valley of dead bones, and dry,
A river flowing grandly by,
To people, and to sanctify
The future church, I deem.

But ere those bones shall live again,
Or ere that stream on earth we see,
God's Church, thro' anguish, toil, and pain,
Must travail in captivity.
Her harp is on the willows hung,
And she awaits her King.
But soon that harp shall be restrung,
And then with rapturous voice and tongue,
Sweet music, the bright cords among,
Shall sound again, and ring !

CANTO FIFTH.

THE RETURN.

I.

JUDÆA's captive sons, rejoice !
Your mourning now shall cease at last ;
The Lord sends forth His glorious voice
Like music on the rolling blast,
To call His people from afar,
And end the bitter strife and war.
Let joyful songs of praise arise,
And bring the wonted sacrifice
To smoke upon His altar, where
He loves to hear the voice of prayer.
Once more into His temple bring,
With joy, the free-will offering.
Your land He comes again to bless,
And crown your fields with fruitfulness.

II.

Rejoice, Judæa ! God shall come
To reign once more in every home ;
Sweet Peace shall brood upon thy mountains,
And Life shall flow from out thy fountains ;

Fair Truth from earth shall then be given,
And Righteousness look down from heaven.*
Rejoice, O widowed queen, rejoice !
And shout for joy ! for thou art free ;
Hear once again thy children's voice
In sounds of praise and melody.
Salathiel's son the hosts leads on
In holy joy from Babylon.

III.

Oh ! who can tell the joys that shed,
In holy gladness, heavenly peace,
Their light upon a captive's head,
When from his chains he finds release,
And to his weary soul is given
A foretaste of the joys of heaven ?

No spot so bright as childhood's home
Could he behold, when forced to roam
From his dear native land away,
And leave that home to slow decay.
Now he again, with tearful eyes,
Sees Zion's hill before him rise,
And prostrate on the turf he lies.
His mind looks onward through all time,
His soul is filled with joy unpriced,
As he beholds from every clime
The nations come to worship Christ.

* See Ps. lxxii. 3 ; Zech. xiii. 1 ; and Ps. lxxxv. 11.

And fair before him visions rise
Of scenes when, wedded to the skies,
Zion shall rule, and nevermore
In her be heard the clang of war :
When to Messiah shall be given
The homage, both of earth and heaven !

IV.

On God the thankful people call,
And praise Him for His mercies great ;
They raise the altar, build the wall,
Restore the breach, set up the gate ;
At eventide they kneel and pray,
And grateful anthems crown the day.
The Priests each day with joy prolong
The prayer and chant and sacred song,
To music echoing to the skies,*
God's holy temple's turrets rise !
At Morn and Eve the voice of prayer
Floats upward thro' the hallowed air ;
From east and west the people come,
To dwell in Salem's happy home.

V.

Freedom ! to Virtue, sister fair,
With brow serene and queenly air
Wert thou, amid the holy train,
Sent down from heaven on earth to reign,

* See Ezra iii. 10, 11.

When Eden bright was man's abode—
 When converse high, he held with God.
 Beneath thy sceptre's peaceful sway
 The captive's galling chains give way.
 Wisdom and Love surround thy throne ;
 Religion's claims are thine alone.
 Come thou to reign on Zion's hill—
 And all her hopes of joy fulfil.
 O lovely Salem ! bright abode
 Of priest and prophet :—Rest of God,*
 Thy living page shall rule the world
 When error from her throne is hurled !

VI.

Like ministering angels' wings outspread
 Around the fane of Judah's God,
 Immortal hopes surround thy head,
 O Zion, bowed beneath the rod
 Of Him who loves thee, and will save
 Thy fame and glory from the grave.
 To thee shall empire vast be given,
 When Christ, thy King, comes down from heaven.
 Rejoice, O Salem ! wars shall cease
 Throughout the world, in that bright day
 When thy Messiah reigns in peace,
 When all shall own His righteous sway.
 His empire wide as earth shall be,
 From clime to clime, from sea to sea ;

* Cf. Ps. cxxxii. 14.

And with Him too shall come from heaven
The saints for whom His life was given.
The lamb and lion, side by side,
Shall rest in peace ; deceit and pride
Shall flee to their unblest abode
Of darkness, from the face of God.
From cot and palace then shall rise
The loving heart's best sacrifice,
In praise and prayer to peaceful skies.

VII.

When Christ comes down from heaven above,
To reign o'er all as Prince of peace,
When dawns on earth that day of love,
Peace like a river shall increase ;
Men shall unite to work all good,
And universal brotherhood
Shall be the bond to make them one,
And link them to Messiah's throne.
Then shall the promised Branch arise
 In beauty bright and fair,
And with its glory fill the skies
 And earth and sea and air !
The stone, cut from the mountain forth,
 Shall smite earth's kingdoms down,
And fill the east, west, south, and north,
 And earth with glory crown !
The wilderness shall bloom ; and Spring
 Shall all the year on earth remain ;

The desert shall rejoice and sing,
Nor age nor childhood suffer pain.
Jesus shall reign o'er all the world,
In mild constraining love ;
Sin from its throne shall then be hurled ;
Peace, like a brooding dove,
Shall rest in every heart and home,
For men shall dwell in peace ;
From paths of peace no man shall roam,
And war and strife shall cease !
The world shall then unite to sing
The praises of our heavenly King.
From Andes' mount, and Labrador ;
From where Niagara's thunders roar ;
From Egypt and from Cush, shall come
The worshippers ; from erring Rome,
From Britain's Isle, and every shore,
To Zion shall the people pour.
From whence, like circles widening round
On ocean's face, the healing sound
Of Jesu's Name shall blessings shed
On every land ; on every head !

THE HEALING OF MARY OF MAGDALA.(10.)

GOLDEN light of eve is shining on the lake of Galilee,
Four disciples row their Master o'er the waveless, glittering
sea.

On His holy head the sunlight resteth like a glory crown,
As it dies away in beauty softly comes the moonlight
down

O'er the purple hills above Him, and the cool air fans
His brow,
Now the lake, like dust of silver, lies around the wherry's
prow.

See ! from Magdala is coming, o'er the waters deep and
wide,
Mary by her mother sitting in a boat, and side by side.

Near Capernaum the boatman resteth at the landing
place,
Mary stands before her Saviour, sullen, with averted face.

Spake the mother in her anguish : " Jesu ! merciful and
mild,
Listen to a mother's pleading, heal and save my only
child.

Evil spirits have possessed her,—see ! she writhes in her distress.”

As she spake her child lay foaming 'neath the spell of wickedness.

John and Peter row their Master till the boats lie side by side ;

Jesus rose as hapless Mary tried to plunge beneath the tide.

Two disciples hold her firmly while her mother soothes her brow :

“ Mary, turn and see thy Saviour, He will heal thee here and now.”

Thus she spake, and then to Jesus : “ Heal her, Lord, in mercy heal,

Let her body, soul, and spirit, all Thy gracious influence feel.”

Jesus fixed His eyes upon her ; spake He gently to her heart :

“ Daughter, let the evil spirits from thy soul this hour depart ;

Thou shalt be, henceforth for ever, all thy days My path beside,

Filled with God the Holy Spirit : He shall in thy soul abide.

Now go forth, and My salvation in thy sinful town proclaim."

First the mother and the daughter bless the Saviour's holy Name ;

Then to Magdala returning, o'er the lake they slowly wend,

There to tell of all the goodness of their Saviour and their Friend.

Mary since that holy evening of salvation testifies :

In His Life and in His Passion, Christ she follows till He dies.

At His tomb on Easter Morning,—see ! 'tis Mary kneeleth there :

Jesus comes while she is weeping, and His first word speaks to her.

PRIDE.

A CALM sweet voice, in accents low,
Said unto me : “ Thou must forego
All earthly pride, true good to know.”

Within my soul a tempest woke,
A strife of tongues the silence broke,
As each proud lust his passion spoke.

And then, in subtler argument,
With scorn and indignation blent,
Each to mine ear his message sent.

To each, the gentle voice replied
In words both calm and dignified,
Which made them all in turn subside.

“ The pride of Birth and Rank,” said one,
“ Is only self-respect.” When done,
The voice said : “ Christ was Mary’s Son.”

The pride of Wealth his glory spread.
The gentle voice so calmly said :
“ *He* had not where to lay His Head.”

The pride of Place, with haughty mien,
Spake loud his claim. The voice between :
“ *He* shall be called a Nazarene.”

The pride of Beauty said no less
Than, “ I am fair.” The voice did press :
“ *He* hath no form nor comeliness.”

Now Reputation sought his end.
By aiming high. The voice did send
Me unto Christ the poor man’s Friend.

Proud Independence reared his head,
To stoop to none. The sweet voice said :
“ *He* oft accepted daily bread.”

And Learning came, with thoughtful brow.
Of *Him* he said of old as now,
“ Hath this man letters ! where and how ? ”

Ambition’s fierce, commanding eye
Read in the page of prophecy :
“ By serving, *He* was raised on high.”

Success, my heart had moved again,
But *His* sad lot renewed my pain :
“ He was despised and scorned of men.”

Proud Self-reliance help had spurned,
But *He* Whom all good-will has earned
In Nazareth obedience learned.

Ability—vouchsafed to few—
Upon my pride in silence grew.
He said : “ By self I nothing do.”

My Will was strong and bold, until
I learned of Him Who doth fulfil
All good : “ I do My Father’s will.”

Proud Intellect did great things seek.
The voice replied in accents meek :
“ My Father taught Me ; so I speak.”

And Bigotry all love forgot,
And would a name from helping blot.
The voice replied : “ Forbid him not.”

Resentment back the blow would give,
And punish sore without reprieve.
He prayed for foes that they might live.

Reserve would wrap his cloak around,
And walk alone on holy ground,
But *He* in others comfort found.

Self-righteousness with garments clean,
With sinners would not e'er be seen.
He calls the sinful, weak, and mean.

O Jesu ! help me pride to shun,
And walk with Thee, Thou Blessed One,
Until this sinful life be done.

And after death, O let me be
Where I Thy Holy Face shall see,
And there grow ever liker Thee.

A SABBATH IDYLL.

THE holy Sabbath dawns in peace, and love,
No grimy smoke pollutes the fresh sweet air,
The streets are silent ; and the rising sun
Sheds down his rosy light upon the scene.
The weary artisan, and merchant prince,
And all the heads and hands which toil six days,
Welcome the Sabbath ! Some, to worship God ;
And some, to rest ; and some, alas ! to spend
Its sacred hours in sin. Thus some abuse
The gifts of God ; and things which should have been
For help, become, thro' their own fault alone,
Occasion for their falling.

Now behold,
In all the hamlets round the silent town,
Peace broods serene in calm tranquillity.
The plough lies still in yonder furrow deep,
No sound is heard, save from the barn, the cock
With lusty voice proclaims the day, and birds,
In all the woods and tree tops, sing for joy !
The winding river, and the spreading lakes
Refresh the valleys ; and the villages
Are nestling near, beneath o'erhanging woods.
The fertile plains rejoice with teeming crops.
Above, the snowy clouds are floating on,
Like white-robed souls, across the deep blue sky.
And in the hazy distance we behold
The Sea, by Nature's great Magician's wand
In dazzling splendour decked ! The varied hues
Of wild flowers sweet, delight the eye ; their scents
Refresh the soul.

O God ! for all these gifts,
Which Thou so lavishly hast strewn around
Our path, we render grateful thanks and praise.

Hark ! how the bells ring out a solemn peal
And call us all to Church to-day.

We go
With thronging multitudes to worship God
And, in the prayer, and psalm, and hymn, we send
Our adoration, dove like, up to Heaven !

The Word is read. And now the Preacher comes,
The true ambassador of highest Heaven,—
And forth he tells his Message unto men.

Of moments brief the longest life is made,
And these are set, like diamonds bright and fair,
In shining rows, in every golden hour.
Employ them well, and they shall one day yield
Rich interest to thee ; and at the last—
When all the treasure of thy life is spent—
As dying Jacob on his best loved sons
Did lay his hands in blessing—Time shall lay
His hands upon thy head, and let thy soul
Depart to heaven, there to renew her youth.
Therefore I counsel thee to spend thy time
In gathering stores of knowledge, like the bee,
Which sips the sweet of every flower that blows.
Enrich thy soul ; then giving forth will not
Impoverish thee, but bring upon thy head
Blessings sincere from many a thankful heart.
To raise mankind, and lead the sinful world
In brighter, happier ways ; be that thine aim !
Let some benighted, erring son of man,
Reclaimed from evil, be thy monument,
Whose after life of rectitude shall tell
Thy praises, truer than a storied urn.
The weak, unhappy wretch, cared for by none,
The lonely widow and poor orphan bless.
Reclaim the foolish drunkard, lead him back
To ways of virtue, holiness, and God.
The broken heart bind up, and pour the balm

Of peace and love into the wounded breast.
Nor from the poor man turn away, but give
As God hath prospered thee ; for what thou giv'st
Is all to Jesus given. And counsel give
To him whose soul, in doubt and wild despair,
Is trembling on the brink of ruin, almost lost.
Thy free reward how rich ! when Jesus comes
Thy name to bless before assembled worlds,
And call thee home in words of tender love—
“ Come, blessed of my Father, come ; for thou,
When I was hungry, gav'st me meat ; when thirst
Assailed me, thou didst give me drink ; when cold,
Thou gav'st me garments ; and when I was sick,
And bound in prison, thou didst visit me.
Come, and inherit now the kingdom which
I have prepared for thee ; where all the wise
Shall shine as brightness of the firmament ;
And they who many turned to righteousness,
As stars, for ever and for evermore ! ”

The law of Christian life is sacrifice,
In all things to be spent for Christ alone ;
For as He died, so we from self must die,
And live to Him and to mankind the more,
For He is our example. Look and see
On Calvary's mount what He hath done for us.
My soul ! approach this sacred place with awe,
For here thy God in substitution vast
Is suffering for sin : here God's own Son,
Eternal and Almighty, dies for thee !
The trembling earth and darkened sun declare

His high Divinity ! the ancient rocks
In pieces break ; the sleeping saints arise,
The Temple veil is rent. The angel hosts
Behold, with awe profound, their Maker die !
Come near and ponder o'er His dying woes.
Reproach his heart hath broken, and His soul
Is filled with sorrow ; He is all alone.
His few disciples, weak in faith, are gone.
And pain doth pierce His hands, His head, His heart.
Death's cold damp dews steal o'er His bleeding brow,
And oh, the grief of griefs ! His Father's face
Away from Him is turned :—Hark, hear His cry,
“Eli ! Eli ! lama Sabachthani ?”
Rest here, my soul, for ever, and behold
That love displayed, whose depths are measureless !
The memory of His death shall ever live
On earth, proclaimed by God's ambassadors :
In gratitude's o'erflowing heart it lives in heaven.
Ye choirs on high ! awake your harps and sing,
For He, from falling kept you safe, secure,
The angels of His blest, electing love.
Great God of Love ! my soul cries out for Thee :
O fill me with Thy love ; and let me know
That love displayed within me, and around.

The grandeur of the vault of heaven's blue sky,
And trembling light of sun, and moon, and stars,
The many-coloured blossoms of the trees,
And fragrance of earth's sweetest-smelling flowers,
The teeming fields, and orchards bright with fruit,
The beauty of the cloud-encircled hills,

The song of summer bird, and rippling brook,
And rolling bass of ocean ;—these are all
The tokens of a love about us spread.
All lawful passions and delights of heaven,
All ties of friendship and the true heart's love,
All kindness shown to suffering men, for which
They bless and love the memory of our name,
Do tell of love in us. But solemn thoughts,
And aspirations after purity,
And holiness, and God ;—all good desires
Which upward tend, like holy altar flames,
To kiss the throne of Heaven, are yearnings towards
A love above us, and that love is God.
This truth the cross of Christ declares to all,
For there is written in bright characters,
By God's Almighty hand, “**HEREIN IS LOVE !**”
And whoso dwells in love in God doth dwell ;
And in Him lives and walks, for God is Love.
O holy, blessed Trinity Divine !
Thou art my God, and I am safe in Thee.
Let vile calumniator's tongue abuse,
And blow your worst, ye adverse storms of life ;
Let me be dashed with filth of earth and hell,
And in temptations foul, storm-lashed, alone ;
Let fortune, fame, and friendship all depart,
And give me nought to eat but Sorrow's bread,
No drink, but what Affliction's sons may drink,—
The tears of want and woe ; and let me lie
In sore disease upon a bed of death ;
Yet if I catch but one bright smile of Thee,
And pillow then my weary, dying head

Upon the bosom of my Saviour God,
No evil shall I fear for evermore !

Gods of the nations ! bow your puny heads,
And fall in adoration at the cross
Of Him "Who was, and is, and is to come."
For ye, tho' worshipped by the blind, shall fall
And moulder into dust at His command.

The snow-crowned hills and gently flowing streams,
Deserts and fruitful plains, at His approach,
Shall change their form, and lovelier far become ;
And thou, fair Queen of Night, with all thy train,
That walk so calmly thro' the halls of heaven,
Your lights shall fade away at His approach ;
And thou, O Sun ! renewing still thy youth
From morn to morn, e'en like the fabled bird,
That from her ashes springs to life again,
Shalt robe thyself in darkness when He comes.

And ye were worshipped ! so were vilest beasts,—
Serpents, and creeping things, and fowls of air,—
All creatures of His hand,—while He, the Lord
Of life, and mind, and glory, was forgot.

Ah, weak and foolish man ! How oft hast thou
To banish God from His creation striven !
But fruitless, vain, and weak thy efforts proved,
And ever shall ; for all things witness bear
That He is God and Maker of them all.

Enrobed in beauty all the universe
Proclaims His power, His greatness, and His love.
The bud of Spring, and Summer's full-blown flower,
The ripened sheaf which bounteous Autumn yields,

The pure and spotless dress of Winter cold,
The glorious Sun, the starry gems of Night,
And lovely Moon, with one consent, sing hymns
Of praise, in never-ceasing strains, to God !
Oh, where, amid the countless orbs on high,
In all the distant realms of boundless space,
Within the solar round, or far beyond
Its compass, where our thought can never reach,
Is His great throne ?

If with a seraph's flight

I haste away, and rest not, but pass o'er
Myriads of miles at every pulse's beat
For months, and years, through yielding space, and then
Survey from where I have attained in height,
Or depth, or length, or breadth,—what do I see ?—
The shining bright of blazing suns around,
Whose light has dawned for ages far away ;
Yet these are but the courts of God's bright home,
That temple where, enthroned in state, He dwells.
But why rove thus away ? He 's ever near
To smile on me :—and where God smiles is heaven !
My Father ! may I ever live for thee,
May all my life be spent in serving Thee !
Teach me the greatest, noblest end of man,
Which is to love Thee well and do Thy will !

Awake, my soul ! to duty wake, and see
Christ's image in the suffering poor, and share
Thy crust, thy counsel, and thy love with them.—
To teach man's end in life, and life's true aim,
Our Saviour tells the story of two lives,

One rich, one poor. The poor man loved his God,
The rich man loved this present world alone.—
Mysterious providence ! God's children dear
Oft suffer cold, and want, and nakedness ;
Whilst Belial's sons in bounty's lap are nursed.
Now Lazarus receives his evil things,
No loving friend is near to heal his sores,
Or bring him food to satisfy his want.
At last, from pain, and woe, and suffering free,
He sinks, he dies !

Now to his home on high
The poor, afflicted Lazarus is borne.
Upon his dazzled vision opens wide
The portals of that city, where his God—
His Saviour, Prophet, Priest, and King—doth reign
In righteousness ! Its pearly gates, and walls
Of jasper bright ; its streets of gold, and domes
And battlements with heavenly jewels set,
His eyes behold ! And there in peace he dwells.
There evil days and restless nights are not ;
And sickness, mourning, and the silent tomb
Shall never come within those holy walls.
And there, amid the bright angelic throng,
With robe of spotless white, and harp of gold,
'Mid bowers of amaranth, and scenes of joy,—
Unfading, holy, pure, and cloudless joy,—
Lives holy Lazarus in peace and love.

When Dives' hour to leave the world had come,
How different were his prospect and his end !
In wild despair he clung to earth and cried,—

Long have I quaffed life's pleasure's cup unmixed,
And run the fascinating round of joy
Amid a host of gay and jovial friends.
At morning's dawn in youthful, buoyant strength
We gathered in delight at sound of horn ;
And, while all nature smiled in loveliness,
We chased the panting hart through vale and wood.
And when the bright and glorious summer sun
Rained golden splendour on the scenes around,
And made all nature in its youth rejoice,
We too rejoiced, and hoped our joys would last.
And when the sacred hours of Evening came,
Silent and still, to woo the soul to prayer,
E'en then, to festive hall we thronged in joy,
With mirth and dance and song to spend the night.
Ah, must I now abandon all those joys ?
Must all I love forsake me ?—must I die ?
Oh, life and joy, miscalled ! ye cannot give
Your votary a balm, or comfort now.
Death comes ! and if he did but quench life's spark,
And let me sleep in silence, all were well.
But no ; my spirit lives ! The wreck of worlds
It will survive ; then must I dwell remote
From God, and light of heaven, and love, and joy ?
My life has all been spent in vanity ;
And as I sowed so must I reap at last.
Oh, hide me, hide me from the face of God !
Cover me,—hold me,—for I die,—I die !

And now, in that mysterious spirit world,
He asks for blessings at the poor man's hand.

And is there prayer in Hades' lowest pit ?
Are outspread hands, and supplicating tones,
In earnest deep desire, there exercised ?
Prayer is the spirit's true desire for good,
For purity, for virtue, and for God.
The evil consequence, which sin has earned,
To take away, it asks not,—that were selfishness.

The light which on the white-robed preacher shone,
As thus he spake, came, slanting, many hued,
Thro' Gothic windows, filled with paintings rare
Of Jesus' sad, sweet face. In one was He
Depicted in the act of raising up
A leprous, sin-stained man to life and health.
I knew of one who in a garret lay
Hard by ; and waited for the Master's call
To go up higher ; and I knew that he,
By ministering hands, was nursed ; and taught,
By gentle lips, the truth that brings sweet peace.

Again these words of hope fell on mine ear,
A holy life spent in the light of God,
Is one continual prayer : its footsteps sound
Like Aaron's bells, when serving God and man.

The preacher ceased ; and when we knelt in prayer,
He lifted his right hand, and blessed us all,
In God's dear Name, of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
And, as I walked my homeward way, I prayed :
“Lord pardon all my sin, and make me pure,
And give me grace to live for Thee alone.

And let me show my love to Thee, by love
To man, in deeds of helpfulness ! And may
Thy love O God the Father strengthen me,
Thy love O God the Son o'ershadow me,
Thy love O God the Spirit dwell with me,
Thy love O God the Father, Spirit, Son,
All lead me on to Heaven's bright home of love."

FROZEN TO DEATH.

Two orphan girls, whose parents went
Unto God's great home in heaven,
To beg their bread were coldly sent
Like waifs on the ocean driven.

At the close of a dreary winter's day,
In the bitter frosty weather,
They stole to the graves where their loved ones lay
In the sleep of death together.

The light shone out from many a home,
Where the lamps and the fires were burning :
Alas, they must go the wide world to roam,
From the graves of their parents turning.

And in those homes, so warm and bright,
They heard children's voices singing.
Joy filled all hearts : it was Christmas night,
And the bells were loudly ringing.

A wandering star shot thro' the sky,
And seemed to the deep blue given ;
One said, as she lifted her eyes on high,
“ A soul has entered heaven ! ”

Sad thoughts came over each lonely heart,
As clouds come over a river ;
They wept aloud, for they soon must part
From the home they loved, for ever.

And now on their mother's grave they lie,
Forsaken, unknown to pity ;
Not any one heard their mournful cry
In yonder sinful city.

A holy light shone bright and clear,
As quick their hearts were beating ;
While Angels hovered far and near,
They heard a voice repeating :

“ Children of poverty ! now behold
And shout and sing for gladness ;
We bring to you crowns of lucid gold,
We come to end your sadness :

“ From the Lord of Life a garment white
Unto each of you is given ;
Earth's strife is over : it ends to-night—
For with us you shall enter heaven.”

Soon all was still and calm again ;
The orphans bowed down lowly,
And tho' they suffered cold and pain,
They blessed the vision holy.

“ Sister,” the little one faintly said,
“ I am cold, and sad, and weary ;
Will you be sorry when I am dead,
Will life be then more dreary ? ”

Close in her arms she gently laid
Her little baby sister,
And wrapped her in her own thin plaid,
As tenderly she kissed her.

Near to her heart she calmly lay,
And fell asleep from sorrow :
She now enjoys a happier day,
In heaven’s bright to-morrow.

The snow fell fast and the orphan wept,
Her heart was full to breaking—
At the graves, where all so sweetly slept,
Now she alone is waking.

“ Mother,” she cried, “ O come and take
Your child from sorrow riven : ”
She fell asleep ere the morning brake,
And now they are all in heaven !

ONLY A WAIF AND STRAY.

SHE is only a sickly Waif and Stray,
Pining in Ward with hip disease,
And the nurses tend her night and day :
She is full of pain, and ill at ease.

No thought in her mind but her pain, alas !
And that is an ever-present thing,
Till one day as the doctor chanced to pass,
He saw her at play with a piece of string.

A kindly thought shot thro' his brain,
For well he remembered his children at play,
And he went thro' the pouring sleet and rain,
And bought little Katie a ribbon that day.

It was soft, and silken, and rosy red,
And long, and broad, and fair to see ;
He laid it beside her upon the bed,
While her eyes shone bright with childish glee !

With pleasure unbounded she stroked the toy,
And held it aloft in the shining sun ;
The doctor went home and told his boy
And his own little girl what he had done.

They both were glad to hear of the child,
Who was pleased with such a tiny thing,
And then they looked up at their father and smiled
As he showed them poor Katie's piece of string.

A week had passed ere the nurses told
The kind old doctor, by Katie's bed,
How the ribbon had uses manifold,
For she twisted it now about her head,

And now she made it a sash so grand,
As she a Princess or Bride would be ;
And then she placed it, ever so bland,
Around her neck, and upon her knee.

And thus the days passed on in joy,
For Katie forgot her pain in her play;
She was rich with her grand, bright, silken toy,
Through the weary night and the live-long day.

Two months passed by, and the day came on
Of the dread operation, painful and sad,
And Katie would only trust to one
Who had shown her kindness and made her glad.

“He is all the friend I have,” she said,
When they laid her on the table bare ;
“Let him be near me, living or dead,
And then for the knife I shall not care.”

He held her hand for an hour or so,—
The other held in its grasp so tight
The treasure he gave her months ago,—
Her joy by day and her dream by night.

In her sleep the ribbon so tightly grasped
Fell down ; she awoke and looked in his face :
My ribbon,” she whispered,—“ God bless you ! ”
she gasped,
As he gave it back with a saddened grace.

On every doctor’s and nurse’s brow
There shone a weary and faint endeavour
To smile on poor Katie . . . She is now
Beyond the reach of pain for ever !

A HOLY KISS.

IN a cheerless garret he laid him down,
And the Angel of Death was waiting there,
Who bore in his hand a golden crown,
Which that dying boy was soon to wear.

In a lordly palace hard by his home,
A beautiful lady in splendour dwelt,
Who taught him on Sabbaths in Sunday School,
And beside him in prayer she oft had knelt.

No mother had he to kiss him now,
Or to lean his wretched bed above ;
The moisture of death bedewed his brow,
And his heart did hunger and thirst for love.

“ O send for my Teacher,” he cried at last,
“ She will comfort my weary, desolate soul ; ”
The sun of his life was sinking fast,
But he was nearing the heavenly goal.

When the Teacher, in silks and lace arrayed,
And bedecked with gold and diamonds, stood
Beside his bed, she was half afraid
That her heart was neither brave nor good.

She looked at his hunger-bitten face,
And she saw his pallid lips apart.
She held her gown with a proper grace,
But the blood seemed to freeze at her very heart.

And the poor boy's sight was growing dim,
For the hand of death was on his brow ;
“O Teacher,” he cried, “will you tell me of Him,
And kiss me for I am dying now !”

She drew herself up with a haughty air,
And gathered her silks with her jewelled hand ;
Then looked at the face and the matted hair,
And disgust filled her soul—so great and grand !

Silence and Death were in the room,
As there near the dying boy she stood ;
“O dear LORD JESUS ! to Thee I come,
Through the roof and the slates—past the summer
wood.”

And then to his Teacher he spoke again,
“Won't you kiss me, dear Teacher, before I go ?”—
Her heart felt a terrible grip of pain,
In her soul was a tempest of pride and woe.

Then she took his weary, dying head,
And laid it down near her heart—Oh, bliss !
And, stooping over that wretched bed,
She gave the dying waif a kiss !

His soul in that kiss has passed away,
And as he with angels to heaven did flee,
She heard those words on that solemn day,
“ What is done to the least, is done to Me ! ”

DUTIES LEFT UNDONE.

A CONFESSION.

By my hearth and in my household lonely ones I know,
But I have not spoken gently to assuage their woe.

And my neighbours, near of kindred, whom a word may
cheer,
I have never told them truly of a Friendship dear.

Friends in distant lands all lonely wait a message kind,
Them I have not cheered by tidings of friends left
behind.

Unrelieved the poor and weary have been sent away,
And the sick, in garrets dreary, have not heard me pray.

To the thirsty soul, refreshment I have seldom given,
And the stranger, oh how cruel!—from my path I've
driven.

From the ragged, hungry children I have turned away,
To the fold I have not taken lambs gone far astray.

Oh ! my Saviour, how unworthy am I, and have been !
Dare I ask Thee, holy Jesus—wash away my sin ?

Grant repentance, give me pardon, send me power and
grace,
That I may in every sinner see a brother's face.

And as I believe the sorrow which I daily see,
Let me do it always, only, as, my God, to Thee !

PICTURES FROM LIFE.

I. CHILDHOOD.

LIKE a brooklet gushing,
All fresh, and bright, and clear !
Like a young fawn rushing
From copse or thicket near ;
Like birds in spring-tide singing
Among the budding trees,
Like flowers from the greensward springing
Which the eye, with rapture, sees ;
Like all young life—
Before the strife

Of toil and sin come on—
Are two sweet children to the woodland gone !
There, 'mid the birds and flowers
They sport in the morning hours,
Beneath the trees in shady nooks,
And their voices sound like summer brooks !
In jocund mirth the moments run,
No brighter spot beneath the sun—
No happier hearts than theirs I ween
Could anywhere on that day be seen !

II. YOUTH.

A holy soul, all pure and white,
Is a maiden true and sweet,
No seraph is dearer in God's own sight
Than one who is counted meet
For the service of Heaven in holy things—
Gently, in faith, her life she brings
An offering pure to God.
And dear to Heaven the man in his prime,
When youth opens wide the gates of time,
And points to Pleasure's abode ;
Who lays his soul an offering meet
And all his hopes at the Master's feet.
Behold those two 'mid the blooming flowers,
And eglantine, which decks the bowers
That shield from the noon tide heat !
The summer wind with fond desire
Enfolds them both, and its musical breath

Awakens the wild *Æolian* lyre
Which there it encountereth !
With fingers of light it lifts the hair
Of that lovely maiden, pure and fair.
With zephyrs cool it fans the brow
Of that noble man whose lips avow
His love to his lady there !

III. AGE.

At the time of Evening, mild and calm,
When echoes low and sweet
Resound the chant of a holy Psalm
In the aisles of a Minster's hushed retreat,
Two souls are bowed in fervent prayer,
And, reverently, with 'bated breath,
They tell their hopes for life and death,
Before their Father there !
And Faith beholds, with calm desire,
Yon home of bliss and peace,
Hope hears the songs of the heavenly choir,
Whose sweetness with the years increase ;
And Love, in patience, works and waits,
Till the Angel of Life shall open the gates !

LINES

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

THOU art of flowers the brightest,
So sweet, so pure, so fair !
I look on thee, and sadness
Weighs down my heart with care.

It seems as if, while laying
My hand on thee, 'twere meet
That I should pray ; God keep thee
So pure, so fair, so sweet !

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN'S SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

HARK ! ye people, and hear me tell,
Eight resounds on the belfry bell ;
Eight believed God's Holy Word,
And saw the judgments of the Lord.

Take care of every fire and light,
That evil may not aught befall ;
God grant to each a peaceful night,
May He receive the prayer of all.

AT NINE O'CLOCK.

Hark ! ye people, and hear me tell,
Nine smites now on the belfry bell ;
Nine ungrateful still remained,
Praise ye Christ, Whom sin hath pained.
Take care etc.

AT TEN O'CLOCK.

Hark ! ye people, and hear me tell,
Ten peals now on the belfry bell ;
Ten are the Holy Commandments given
To man below by God in heaven.
Take care etc.

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Hark ! ye people, and hear me tell,
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell ;
Eleven Apostles of holy mind
Preached the Gospel to mankind.

Take care etc.

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

Hark ! ye people, and hear me tell,
Twelve has pealed on the belfry bell ;
Twelve short hours in every day
Remain for man to work and pray.

Take care etc.

AT ONE O'CLOCK.

Hark ! ye people, and hear me tell,
One resounds on the belfry bell ;
One thing should be highly priced ;
Abide with us, Lord Jesus Christ.

Take care etc.

AT TWO O'CLOCK

Hark ! ye people, and hear me tell,
Two strikes now on the belfry bell ;
Two paths before mankind are free,
Lord ! in the narrow guide Thou me.

Take care etc.

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Hark ! ye people, and hear me tell,
Three sounds now on the belfry bell ;
Three we serve, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Take care etc.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

Hark ! ye people, and hear me tell,
Four has pealed on the belfry bell ;
Four-fold yields the garden soil ;
Man ! what yields thy spirit's toil ?

Awake ! revive your minds from sleep,
For now the night has passed away !
Praise God Who will His children keep
To see, in peace, another day.

ADVENT HYMN.

"Surely I come quickly."—REV. xxii. 20.

THOU hast come, O gracious Saviour, once in deep
humility,

Soon shall we Thy second Advent, with the holy angels
see.

Lord, come now in love and pity seeking those who far
may roam,

Weary ones who lonely wander,—lead them to Thy
heavenly home.

In Thy Word, and in Thy servants, who proclaim the
way of life,

Daily now to us Thou comest, giving strength for daily
strife.

In each prayer and sweet communion, Lord, to us Thy-
self reveal,

Sanctify us with Thy Spirit, fill our hearts with love and
zeal.

In the time of pain and sickness, let us feel that Thou
art near.

Comfort us in days of sorrow, wipe away the swelling
tear.

Come, O Lord, to bless and succour all who look to Thee
for aid,

Speak to us Thy word of promise, lest our hearts be sore
afraid.

Come to teach us and direct us, come to help us and to
cheer,

Come and walk with us and lead us thro' another sacred
year.

Lead us gently, holy Saviour, in the path which Thou
hast trod,

To the Kingdom where Thou reignest,—to our Father
and our God.

Bless to us each visitation, when Thou comest near, O
Lord,

Lead us on from grace to glory, open for us all Thy
Word.

And, when Thou shalt come to judgment, crowned with
awful majesty,

We shall then, in holy gladness, lift our heads and
welcome Thee.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

DEAR Son of God ! we look for Thee,
For Thou hast said, "I come again."
Since then creation groans in pain,
And waits in hope Thy face to see.

Come as "the bright and morning Star,"
To usher in eternal day,
Come with Thine angels' grand array,
We see Thy glory from afar !

As Judge Thou comest, Son of Man !
Before Thee shall the nations stand,
Like sheep and goats on either hand,
Those Thou wilt bless, and these wilt ban.

Come as the Living One, to raise
Thy people from among the dead ;
Thou art our glorious, risen Head
We keep for Thee our song of praise.

Thy saints are scattered far and wide,
O come and make them one in Thee,
From sin and sorrow set them free,
Come as the Bridegroom with the bride.

Come as the Saviour to complete
Our full redemption from the grave,
We are Death's conquest. Come to save
And gather us around Thy feet.

For Thy blest coming Judah waits,—
She waits in sorrow, doubt, and grief,—
Convict her of her unbelief
Messiah ! Thou art at her gates.

Come Man of war ! Come King most just !
In all Thy Father's glory come,
And strike the godless scoffer dumb,
And lay the Anti-Christ in dust !

Come as the Lord our work to test ;—
Thrice blessed he whom Thou shalt praise,
And to Thine own right hand shalt raise,
There to abide, for ever blest.

Thy prophet saw in vision bright
The mystic stone strike Kingdoms down ;
Another saw the mystic crown
Adorn Thy head like rays of light.

Come Lord ! as Prophet, Priest, and King,
To rule Thy Israel and Thy earth,
When from the throes of second birth,
Thou wilt the whole creation bring.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Unto us a child is born."—ISA. ix. 6.

I.

HAIL, all hail most Holy,—
Christ from Heaven above !
Born of mother lowly,
All the earth to move
With Thy condescending love.

Thou, Thy Father leaving,
Comest a child to be,
Holy friendship weaving
'Twixt our souls and Thee :
Let us read this mystery !

Child from Heaven, we bless Thee,
And worship and adore ;
Love would fain caress Thee,
And keep Thee evermore.
Heal the wounded hearts, and sore.

Grief comes now and sorrow,
Anguish, woe, and pain,
Joy from Thee to borrow,
Pardon to obtain ;
Blessed Jesu ! us sustain !

He who Thee receiveth
Life and light shall have ;
He who Thee believeth,
Triumphs o'er the grave ;
Thou hast come from sin to save.

May we all receive Thee,
Blessed, holy child,
And never pain or grieve Thee,
But in patience mild
Serve Thee, Saviour undefiled !

II.

God's true light is shining
In yon lowly cave ;
Come ye, in sorrow pining,
And see beyond the grave :
For Jesus comes from death to save.

Light of true Salvation
Shineth clear and bright,
For every clime and nation
On this blessed night ;
O come to see so fair a sight !

Sympathy he bringeth
From His Father's throne ;
See ! an angel wingeth
The deep blue alone,
To tell that Christ will all atone.

Hark ! redemption's story
Hosts of angels sing ;
“ In the highest,—Glory
To our Heavenly King,
Peace and goodwill to men we bring.”

Concord, peace, and union,
Justice, mercy, love,
Righteousness, communion,
Earth and Heaven above,—
Are all by Jesus Christ in harmony, inwove !

THE NEW YEAR.

I.

FAST the years of life are speeding,
Silently the moments fall ;
Time is gently interceding,
On this holy morn,
When another year is born,
Hearken to his earnest pleading,
Listen to his call !

II.

“ With the golden sun
My course I run
Unwearied ; night and day ;
My youth revives me now,
The crown is on my brow,
The old year’s past away ! ——
And, as I travel on for ever,
Nearest, dearest ties I sever,
I shall see bright things decay !
Unmoved alike by smile or tear,
Nor praise nor blame I pause to hear.
O man ! thy days are fast decreasing,
Age approaches, sure tho’ slow ;
The number of thy years increasing
Tells thee, soon will come the end.

Ah ! whither doth thy journey tend ?
And whither wilt thou go ?
Live true in me ;
For soon we reach eternity.”

III.

My heart replies : “ Year newly born,
On this thy natal morn,
To Christ myself I give.
Shield me, Saviour, with Thine arm,
Guard my soul from every harm,
Let me in Thy presence live.
Guide me safely o'er the mountains,
Lead me by the living fountains,
And, when the time draws near,
O lay me at the feet,
With commendation meet,
Of the coming year.
Or, shouldst Thou, Saviour, will it now,
That ere this year its course hath run,
With languid eye and burning brow,
I should behold my setting sun,
O Jesu ! let me go in peace,
And grant my soul a calm release.”

IV.

Ah ! while my dead are sleeping,
And I am weeping,
The sun, at eve and morn,

Will shine upon their graves and pass them by,
When Spring breathes many a gentle sigh,
And Summer rains her glory down
On earth's bright floral crown,
And Autumn smiles on fruit and corn !

'Neath Winter's fading stars
This year displays its crest
 When day, in shadowy beauty born,
Shineth from east to west,
 Ah me, 'neath sunset's molten bars
Soon will it fade and sink to rest,
Or ere the primrose moon hath filled her
 changeful horn !

v.

But when the years of time are o'er,
 God's saints in death shall not remain,
They shall awake once more ;
 His voice shall call them forth again,
To dwell upon that sunless shore,
 Where endless day is given
Beyond the flight of years in heaven.

Yonder in the calm seclusion
 Of our Father's home above,
Free from sin and all illusion,
 They shall dwell in light and love,
In everlasting day,
 When Time's brief years have passed away !

PASSION HYMN.(11.)

FROM THE LATIN OF S. BERNARD.

“AD FACIEM CHRISTI PATIENTIS ET A CRUCE PENDENTIS.”

AH ! Head so bruised and wounded,
Defiled, and put to scorn ;
In mockery surrounded
With crown of piercing thorn.
Hail Thou—Whose former glory
Is changed and faded now,
And pallid turned and gory,—
Before Thee angels bow.

All strength, and grace, and vigour,
Have faded hence away,
For death with cruel rigour
Asserts his tyrant sway.
Thus fainting, weary, wasted,
Reviled, condemned, despised,
Death Thou for me hast tasted,
For me Thou art sacrificed.

In this Thy cross and passion,
Good Shepherd ! think of me,
And by Thy great salvation,
O draw me unto Thee !

And spurn me not, my Saviour,
Tho' I deserve Thy place,
Bend down to me in favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

Could I, O Lord most holy,
My life for Thee lay down
On this Thy cross so lowly,
That would be my renown.
My spirit longs to bless Thee,
For this Thy bitter death ;
Here let me now confess Thee,
And with Thee yield my breath.

When Death appears before me,
Be Thou my strength and shield,
And let Thy face shine o'er me
In pitying love revealed.
Thus, Lord, may I behold Thee,
And on Thy sufferings dwell ;
While firm by faith I hold Thee ;—
Who dieth thus, dies well.

THE CROSS.

“O all ye who passe by, behold and see :
Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree ;
The tree of life to all, but onely me :
Was ever grief like mine ?”—GEORGE HERBERT.

OH ! for a harp of heavenly sound,
To sing the Cross with awe profound ;
Oh ! for a pencil dipped in light,
To paint the soul subduing sight,
 Of Jesus on the tree !
If mortal, who by Him was made,
Spirit Divine, may ask Thine aid
To sweep, with weakest hand, the lyre,
Do Thou my trembling soul inspire,
 Instruct and succour me :
To me Thy sacred unction bring,
And give me strength and grace to sing
 Of Christ on Calvary !

Calmly the Man of sorrows there
The sin of all mankind doth bear,
Alone He bears it meekly now,
With limbs transpierced and bleeding brow,
 And wearing mockery’s crown.
The rulers, priests, and passers-by,
Revile Him, and with scornful cry
They taunt the Christ His power to prove,—

“ Show us a token of God’s love,
And from the cross come down.”
For them His heart in silence bleeds,
For them He prays and intercedes :—
They mock, deride and frown.

And tho’ His limbs by nails are torn,—
And tho’ He hears malignant scorn,
For all His foes He intercedes—
“ Father, forgive them,” Jesus pleads,
And ere He prayed forgave.
He saves the dying thief who prays,
And grieves that one no grief displays.
Now to His loved disciple’s care
He leaves His mother, weeping there,
And dies mankind to save !
A sword has pierced that mother’s heart,
Ah ! now she feels its cruel smart,
Beside His cross and grave.

Deep darkness covers all the earth,
And hushed is every sound of mirth ;
The mountains quake, the rocks are rent,
The tombs fly open, forth are sent
The quickened dead. Ah me !
Whoso would learn the guilt of sin,
And sound its depths his soul within ;
Let him behold the Saviour die,
And listen to His awful cry,
And all His suffering see.—

Henceforth from him all sin is driven,
Henceforth he lives the life of heaven,
And works, O Christ, for Thee !

Around His cross the dread array
Of hell is gathered, hoping they,
In dying throes, may find Him shaken
In His high trust ; for there forsaken,
Doth He His pain avow.

Oh hear Him cry in agony,
“ My God ! My God ! Why leavest Thou Me ? ”
Then from His lips, in anguish, burst
That word of weariness—“ I thirst.”
O Christ to Thee I bow !
Hark to His loud, triumphant cry,
“ ’Tis finished,” and yet, ere He die,
“ Father receive Me now.”

His arms outspread will draw men home,
Where’er in sinful paths they roam,
For whoso looks upon Him lives,—
His cross the throne whence life He gives,
And power to mount the skies.

And, as to Israel’s sleeping seer,
The way to heaven in vision clear,
Was by the Lord revealed at night,
So we, in vision, clear as light,
Behold where Jesus dies ;
And know thro’ Him our sins forgiven,
For by His cross we mount to heaven,
With Him we die and rise.

Lord ! let the stream from Jesus' side
Flow down on me, and like the tide
Which bears all things in swift career
Within the deep to disappear,

Bear all my sins away.

Oh, let that stream so cleanse my soul,
That, when I reach life's distant goal,
I may on angel wings be borne
To wait the resurrection morn,

In realms of cloudless day ;
And may that crimson tide ne'er stand,
Till all mankind in every land
To Christ their homage pay.

Help me, O Lord, my cross to bear,
Whate'er it be, of woe, or care,
And learn of Thee to pray for those,
Who multiply my griefs and woes.

O'ercome my stubborn will !

Newness of life to me impart,
Change and renew my sinful heart,
Help me to crucify the flesh,
And every day by deeds afresh,

Let me Thy law fulfil,
Until I reach my home at last,
All toil, and sin, and conflict past,
On Zion's holy hill.

The cross, whereon the Saviour dies,
Is higher far than yonder skies,

For thro' it saints in bliss have peace.
Its depth, the sinner to release,
 Than deepest hell is lower.
Its breadth doth compass fallen men,
And safe into God's heaven again
It brings the weary wanderer home,
Ne'er from his Father's house to roam—
 Thence to go out no more.
Its length and saving power shall be
As great as vast eternity,
 Bend low, my soul ! Adore !

A RONDEAU.

BENEATH THE CROSS.

BENEATH the Cross Christ's mother stands
With tearful eyes and lifted hands ;
 The wife of Cleophas is there,
 And John and Mary bowed in prayer,
And round about are rabble bands.

A sign from Christ the crowd demands,
As life runs down in burning sands !
 He looks where friends His sorrow share—
 Beneath the Cross.

Then to His loved disciple's care
He leaves His weeping mother, ere
 His life, by death, to all expands.
 And now, in us, He sin withstands,
And helps His friends contempt to bear—
 Beneath the Cross.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

MORNING.

SABBATH holy,
With the lowly
Findest thou a welcome here ;
Darkness fleeth far before thee,
Light, in glory, shineth o'er thee,
And thy rest to all is dear.

In commotion
Earth and ocean
Hymn thy praises to the sky ;
Sunlight, thro' the forest glancing,
Wakeneth beauties soul entrancing ;
Fair around and bright on high.

Day of gladness,
For earth's sadness,
Bringest thou glad tidings sweet !
On thy first, bright, peaceful morning
Faith, Hope, Love were man adorning,
For Jehovah's presence meet.

“ Christ is risen !
Death's dark prison
He hath burst, for all His saints,”—
On this day by holy Angel,
Published was this glad Evangel,
Hush, O mourner ! thy complaints.

And from heaven
Graces seven
With the Holy Spirit came,
On this day of richest blessing.
Oh, let all, God's name confessing,
Praise Him with a loud acclaim.

Lord of glory !
Time is hoary,
Nearly run his little day.
Sabbaths here too soon are ended,
And with sighs our songs are blended,
Thy bright Sabbath lasts for aye.

NOON.

I.

O Father, Holy Spirit, gentle Saviour !
Help us to worship in Thy house to-day,
Regard us all with Thy most gracious favour,
While we, in penitence, before Thee pray.

And when we sing sweet hymns of adoration,
Or pray,—bowed lowly at Thy sacred feet,—
Or hear Thy heralds tell of Restoration
To Thee, O Lord our God, as is most meet,

Devotion, sacred, tender, rapt and holy,
Which fills the minds of those whose hearts are pure ;
O God of grace, Who lovest dear the lowly,
Pour down upon us and our hearts assure.

Now while we worship Thee, Thy sunbeam's glory
Fills all Thy house with golden rays of light,
Which looks like that bright land of sacred story,
Where nevermore shall come the shades of night.

O happy day ! O blessed foretaste given
Of that bright home which all true souls awaits :
Which some enjoy, e'en now, with Thee in heaven,
While we adore Thee at the outer gates.

II.

Low at the Holy Table humbly kneeling ;—
The solemn prayer of Consecration said,—
A sacred awe my heart the meanwhile feeling,—
I took and ate in love the broken bread.

And then, the tender words of prayer repeating,
My trembling hands the sacred chalice held,
When lo ! a wondrous sight my vision greeting,
All slavish fear from out my heart expelled !

The summer sun shone down in glory golden,
And through the windows brightly shed his rays,
Lighting in one that pictured story olden,
Which ever calls for man's devoutest praise.

The Saviour dying, bruised, and pained, and wounded
In calm and holy majesty divine ;
His brow in mockery with thorns surrounded,—
Was all reflected in the trembling wine !

With awe mine eyes beheld that wondrous vision,
Which evermore in memory I shall trace,
Until in rapture sweet, in home Elysian,
I see the glory of that pictured face !

EVENING.

As Evening gently falleth
O'er God's bright, Sabbath day,
And while His Spirit calleth,
 Come to His house and pray.
Nature in peace rejoices
 Or ere comes on the Night,
And all her myriad voices
 To call us forth unite !

Come ere the stars are shining
 In Night's dark vault above ;
Come when the Day is declining,
 To praise redeeming love.
Come when the music calleth
 Of the church bells' silvery sound ;
Come when the Moon's light falleth,
 In beams from heaven, around !

Come when the soul with sweetness
 Is gentle, holy, calm !
Come in the Spirit's meetness,
 To taste of heavenly balm.
And with the faithful kneeling,
 Join in the common prayer,
Speak all thy heart's true feeling,
 For ONE who hears, is there !

Pray for the weary-hearted,
The halt, the maimed, the blind,—
Who weep o'er joys departed,
Or men who are unkind.

Pray for the sick who languish
In want, and pain, and woe,—
Whose hearts are wrung with anguish—
Who only sorrows know !

Pray for the souls benighted,
And friends who far may roam ;
Pray for the dear ones lighted
By love's pure light, at home !
And let thy thanks to heaven
Ascend like incense sweet,—
For blessings richly given
Return due praises meet.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

SEE the SAVIOUR, in His glory, soaring to the gates of heaven,

See the clouds His form enfolding, and the skies before Him riven ;

Hark ! the saints of God are singing, “ Alleluia ! Praise the LORD ! ”

All ye faithful, raise the anthem unto Him with one accord.

Glory, praise, and might, and honour be to CHRIST upon His Throne,

Who has conquered death, and opened Paradise for all His own.

Now He enters as the firstfruits, where His people soon shall be,

When we, too, like Him, have conquered—thro' Him gained the victory.

“ Ye shall see Him in like manner, coming in the clouds of heaven ;

As your eyes do now behold Him, so to you shall He be given.”

Spake the Angel ; and with gladness to their home His friends returned,

Henceforth looking for His Coming, here as strangers they sojourned.

Through the ages we have waited for Thy Coming,
glorious LORD !

And the heavens still detain Thee, but we trust Thy
faithful word.

Soon shall break the sacred morning in the skies along
the east,

When Thou comest, and Thy loved ones shall from
slumber be released.

JESU ! reigning now in glory, plead for us that we may
live ;

Send to us Thy quickening SPIRIT, grace for grace let us
receive ;

Raise us, LORD, from death and darkness, let us walk with
Thee in light ;

While we dwell in heavenly places, filled with love ;
endued with might.

INVOCATION TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY Spirit ! heavenly Dove,
Come in power, breathe life and love ;
Show the brightness of Thy face,
Testify of Jesus' grace.
Cleanse each thought, control each word,
All Thy gracious aid afford ;
And our lives henceforth shall be
Bright and beautiful in Thee !

We are dark, be Thou our light ;
We are weak, be Thou our might ;
We are sinful, make us pure ;
We are wavering, us assure ;
We are weary, give us rest ;
We are lonely, be our Guest ;
We are restless, end our strife ;
We are dying, give us life.

Love implant in us, O Lord,
Joy in Christ to each accord ;
In His Peace let all be blest,
With Long-suffering send us rest.
Gentleness and Goodness give,
Faith bestow that we may live ;
Teach us Meekness every hour,
Self-control increase in power.

This Thy fruit, in loved ones grown,
Nourished is by Thee alone ;
Thou the living Spirit art,
Unto us Thy grace impart ;
And when earthly fruit is dust,
Thine shall flourish in the just,
Lord ! this fruit from Thee is found,
Let it in our lives abound.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

" But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control."

GAL. v. 22, 23.

COME Holy Ghost, celestial Dove,
And rule our spirits with Thy *Love*.

Our ransomed powers for God employ,
And let our lives abound in *Joy*.

Cause strife, and sin, and woe to cease,
And send us, Lord, Thy gift of *Peace*.

When sinful wiles our hearts ensnare,
Long-suffering grant the cross to bear.

When vanity and pride elate,
Thy *Gentleness* shall make us great.

And all who far from evil flee,
Thy *Goodness* mouldeth liker Thee.

Whene'er our wandering spirits roam,
Thy *Faithfulness* shall lead us home.

When anger renders blow for blow,
Thy *Meekness* sweet shall keep us low.

When passion's storms would friendship rend,
Strong *Self-control* Thy loved ones send.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COME, Holy Ghost in quickening power,
Our spirits and our lives renew ;
Come gently as the summer dew,
With grace refresh us every hour.

From Thee, O Lord, and Thee alone,
Come Wisdom, Understanding clear,
Might, Counsel, Knowledge, Holy Fear,
And Godliness which He will own.

Be Thou our Teacher and our Guide,
Impart Thy gifts,—these sacred seven ;—
And, as we walk the way to heaven,
Rule in our will, subdue our pride.

Teach us to know that we are one
With Christ, and all His people here ;
Create in us clean hearts sincere ;
To us the Father's love make known.

By Thee we “Abba, Father,” cry,
For Thou dost humble hearts prepare,
That God may hearken to our prayer,
And no inspired request deny.

Give us to see, with faithful eyes,
Our life concealed with Christ above,
In that bright home of peace and love,
Behind the veil, beyond the skies.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF BISHOP MAURUS.

O COME, Creator Spirit, come !
Among Thy people make Thy home.
Renew with unction from above,
The hearts which Thou hast made for love.

With Thee we hold communion sweet,
Thou Gift of God, blest Paraclete !
Great Fount of life, and charity,
And Fire of love : we call on Thee.

Thou in Thy gifts art sevenfold,
God wrought by Thee in days of old,
The Father's promise true, Thou art,
To us Thy gift of tongues impart.

Illumine every sense with light,
Endue our hearts with love and might,
Our bodies with Thy virtue bless,
And perfect us in holiness !

Repel our foe, then strife shall cease,
And lead us in Thy paths of peace,
That so with Thee as constant Guide,
No evil in our life betide.

To longing eyes the Father show,
And teach us, too, the Son to know,
And Thee, the Spirit sent from heaven,
To saints on earth for ever given.

Praise God Who in high heaven doth reign,
And Christ the Son, Who rose again ;
And Thee we praise, O Holy Ghost,
With all the saints and angel host.

CRUSADER'S HYMN OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

JESU ! how beautiful art Thou,
Great universal Saviour King !
Before Thee, Lord, in love I bow,
To Thee my crown of honour bring,
Thou Son of God and Mary.

How beautiful are verdant fields ;
More beautiful the leafy wood
When Spring her dazzling glory yields ;
Our Jesus is more pure and good ;
Our weary hearts He strengthens.

How beautiful the bright-haired sun ;
More beautiful the silver moon,
When stars their shining courses run ;
Jesus is brighter far than noon,
Or angels in the heavens.

How beautiful the flowers shine ;
More beautiful by far is man
When youth and love and strength combine ;
But past how soon is life's brief span.
Jesus abides for ever.

And all the beauty which we see
In heaven above and earth below,
Is centred, Jesu, Lord, in Thee :
O grant us grace Thy face to know,
And look on us in sweetness.

And when I die, O Lord, at last,
Let me not perish ; hold me fast ;
May I then be wholly thine ;
And when my weak heart breaking is,
O let me say in holy bliss,
Jesu, Jesu, Jesu mine !

PRAYER.

I.

WHAT PRAYER IS.

PRAYER is a Mirror, burnished bright,
In which the holy Dove
Reveals, to all who pray aright,
The face of heavenly Love.

And prayer is virtue's sacred Seal,
Which stamps the Saviour's own ;
They all His love and goodness feel,
And by His mark are known.

Prayer is the Window opening here
To light, and joy, and peace ;
Which brings the infinite so near
That faith must then increase.

Prayer is the Spirit's voice within
The soul by Jesus blest,
Which cries to be released from sin,
And find in pardon rest.

Prayer is communion sweet with Christ ;
And intercourse of love.
Prayer is the joy of saints, unpriced,
All other joys above !

Prayer is the poor man's Mine of wealth,
His Refuge from sin's blast ;
His Light in darkness, and in health,
Of Heaven his sure Forecast.

Prayer is the Means by which we bring
Our Father's succour near,
E'en as the seed of early spring
Portends the fruitful year.

The Bolt which shuts the door on sin
Is prayer,—to loved ones given ;
By prayer the saints true life begin,
With prayer they enter heaven.

II.

WHAT PRAYER DOES.

Prayer nerves the arm to strike for God
In sin's most deadly fight ;
Prayer leads us where our Captain trod,
To conquer in His might.

By wings of prayer strong faith ascends
To great Jehovah's throne,
Whence peace, in love divine descends,
On men of prayer alone.

By prayer the light of truth is shed
 Into all earnest hearts ;
By prayer the sacred flame is fed,
 Which Jesus' love imparts.

By prayer God's saints have oft prevailed
 To turn sin's curse away ;
And prayer, full often has availed,
 God's greatness to display.

Prayer moves the powerful hand of God
 To open Heaven's store
To His beloved ;—like Moses' rod,—
 Till they shall want no more.

Time's running glass of burning sand,
 And Death's devouring blade
Have both been stayed at God's command
 When once His servant prayed.

And still in answer to our prayers,
 He calms our griefs and fears ;—
He bears our burdens and our cares,
 And wipes away our tears.

In love the Lord of heaven commands
 To set His servants free,
From all corroding care's demands
 Whene'er to Him they flee.

Spirit of holiness and peace !
Inspire our hearts to pray ;
Give Thou the words ; our faith increase ;—
This grace in us display.

O Jesu ! Thou art Prayer,* by Thee
Our prayers all power obtain ;
Give us in prayer true liberty,
Nor let us pray in vain.

ASPIRATIONS.

JEHOVAH ! at whose high command,
In life's first opening days,
The rolling sea and solid land
Arose ! and still in order stand,
Hold Thou my feeble, trembling hand
To tune my harp to praise.

O gentle Jesu ! who didst bear
The spite of human wrong,
Thy holy life and death declare
How Thou for sinful man didst fare,
That all may Thy salvation share,
Thy love awakes my song.

* Cf., Ps. cix. 4.

Spirit of holiness and grace !
Thy wonted influence bring,
Attune my harp to holy lays,
Assist my tongue with grateful praise,
Of all Thy wondrous works and ways
My sweetest songs to sing.

O Triune God ! my soul aspires
To praise Thy Name alone :
My thoughts, my wishes and desires
Are like those holy altar fires,
Whose bright, unfolding flame conspires
To reach Thy glorious throne.

When from Thy hand the worlds were sent,
In boundless space to move,
The Sons of God in wonderment
Beheld, and heaven's high concave rent
With songs of joy in rapture blent,
And Thou didst, Lord, approve !

And I, unworthy though I be,
To wake the Poet's lyre ;—
Yet love to woo sweet Poesy,
And tune my harp, O Lord, to Thee,
And sing Thy praise in ecstasy,
Cleanse Thou my lips with fire !

As Nature's choir, in varied song,
 Proclaims at morn and even
Thy Name, the vales and woods along,
Which theme the seas and brooks prolong,
So let my grateful voice and tongue
 Resound Thy praise to heaven.

Let me, like Philomel who sings
 At night near grove or river—
Chant to my harp's responsive strings
Songs of Thy love, O King of kings,
Till, borne to Thee on seraphs' wings,
 I sing Thy praise for ever !

GO THOU.

Go where the little children are lisping Jesus' Name,
And tell them how the Saviour for their redemption
came.

Go where the needy famish for lack of heavenly bread,
And tell them how the faithful by Jesus Christ are fed.

Go where the helpless orphans are pining, sore distrest,
Oh succour them and lead them to Jesus' loving breast.

Go where sin's wounded captives lie down in dumb
despair,
And speak a word of blessing upon the troubled air.

Go where the weak and fearful with tottering footsteps
tread

The way to Christ, and tell them the gentle words He
said.

Go where the moral lepers in loathsome dungeons lie,
Tell them the Balm of Gilead with healing power is nigh.

Go to the squalid prisons where crime feels sore the rod,
And bear a gospel message to win the heart to God.

Go where the souls benighted in mental darkness dwell,
And of the light of heaven in winning accents tell.

Go where the abject wander, and where the erring stray ;
Oh bring them back to Jesus, and love, and joy, and day !

Go where the shallow scoffer scatters his seeds of death,
And tell him that his poison works on when stops his
breath.

Go where thy Faith can see men as jewels lost, but
found,

And tread with holy gladness the sacred, blood-stained
ground.

Go where sweet Hope doth guide thee with vestal lamp
all bright,

To speed the true light onward in earth's dark, gloomy
night.

Go where true Love can labour: in light or darkness go,
And work,—till Death thine armour strikes off with one
fell blow.

For then the joy of heaven will be more true and sweet
When those whom thou hast succoured, shall rest at
Jesus' feet.

A SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE SONG.

Tune—“Die drei Reiter.”

For "Knowledge is power," and makes us strong,
Hurrah!

To battle with ignorance, strife, and wrong,
Hurrah!

And Temperance guides the hand aright,
When foes of home and peace we fight,
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Let Temperance lead the way !

In many a home is sorrow and sin,
 Ah, me !
For the demon of drink doth reign therein !
 Ah, me !
Then out we shall drive him, all stark and mad,
To his evil place, accursed and bad,
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Let Temperance win the day !

When Knowledge and Temperance rule the soul,
 Hurrah !
Then man is under the right control,
 Hurrah !
For Knowledge should lead to all things good,
And Temperance leads to brotherhood,
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Let Temperance win the day !

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

“Pugna et ego adjuvabo,
Vince et ego coronabo.”

MARKED with the Cross and duly sworn,
The soldier-servant stands new born,
Beneath his Saviour's banner high,
Well pleased for Him to live or die :
Soldier and servant both combined,
To fight or serve alike resigned,
In warfare or in service still
To press the way to Zion's hill.

Young Christian soldier ! watch and pray,
Thy foes surround thee night and day ;
Grasp firm the sword and bear the shield,
And soon thy foes shall fly the field.
Thy Captain will thine arm make strong,
And conquest will be thine ere long ;
Maintain the earnest fight of faith,
Fight on, thy Master conquered death !

The Cross was given for thee to bear,
The Crown will soon be thine to wear ;
The Cross shall separate from sin,
The Crown wake Hope thy soul within ;
For by the Cross is ended strife,
And Hope beholds the Crown of life ;
The Cross means death to sin and shame,
The Crown means life thro' Jesus' Name.

Stand bold ! like yonder rock, whose breast
Breaks into spray the billow's crest ;
And fearlessly defend the right :
Against a legion thou must fight.
Earth's fairest flowers pass heedless by,
For they shall fade, and droop, and die ;
Encamp not here, and lay not down
The Cross, till Jesus gives the Crown.

The sorrowing sons of Zion bless,
Ah ! speak to them in tenderness ;
Let this dark world behold thy light
Forth shining in its dreary night.
Let every motive be sincere,
Go ever onward—persevere !
Behold ! the prize is fair in view,
To Christ, and to thy vow, be true.

All fleeting are the joys of earth,
And vain the pride of fame or birth ;
And weak the glory nought can save
From sorrow's all-devouring grave.
All earthly treasures soon decay,
And earthly riches flee away ;
But thou art heir to joys which last
Secure, when those of time are past !

The narrow path is steep and strait,
That leads to Zion's shining gate ;
But that steep path, and that alone,
Leads to the home where Christ is gone.

While here, His soldier-servants fight,
'Gainst Satan's wiles by day and night ;
Their watchword still, 'mid smile or frown,
"Who bears the Cross shall wear the Crown."

THE SEVEN-FOLD "I AM" OF JESUS.

1. "I AM the Shepherd good :" He leads from paths of sin.
—S. John x. 11.
2. "I am the Door :" There all His sheep may enter in.
—S. John x. 7.
3. "I am the bread of Life :" He feeds the hungry soul.
—S. John vi. 35.
4. "I am the true and living Way :" He shows the goal.
—S. John xiv. 6.
5. "I am the light of all the World :" He light bestows.
—S. John viii. 12.
6. "I am the Vine :" From Him alone all fatness flows.
—S. John xv. 1.
7. "I am the Resurrection and the Life :"—To thee !
—S. John xi. 25.

Most gracious Lord ! reveal Thy seven-fold grace to me.

TWELVE BIBLE RULES.

1. Be not conformed to this world at all.
—Rom. xii. 2.
2. Be ye followers of God, both great and small.
—Eph. v. 1.
3. Be ye sober at all times and watch unto prayer.
—1 Peter iv. 7.
4. Be kindly affectioned ; goodwill freely share.
—Rom. xii. 10.
5. Be ever content with such things as ye have.
—Heb. xiii. 5.
6. Be ye doers of the word, not of hearing the slave.
—James i. 2.
7. Be all of one mind, live in peace evermore.
—2 Cor. xiii. 11.
8. Be patient toward all men when tempted sore.
—1 Thess. v. 14.
9. Be clothed with humility, as one with a cloak.
—1 Peter v. 5.
10. Be pitiful, be courteous ; no anger provoke.
—1 Peter iii. 8.
11. Be glad in the Lord, rejoice evermore.
—Ps. xxxii. 11 ; 1 Thess. v. 16.
12. Be ye ready to enter the heavenly door.
—Luke xii. 40.

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.

CAUTIOUSLY wish for them, O my heart,
They may bring pleasure, they may bring smart.

Submissively ask for them from thy God,
And if He deny them kiss the rod.

Honestly choose them great or less,
Thou knowest not which may ban or bless.

Contentedly want them if never they come,
Remembering this is not thy home.

Humbly take them when they are given,
Knowing that each is the gift of heaven.

Prudently manage them, they are not thine,
They were not given to make *the* shine.

Lawfully use them as God directs,
For faithful stewardship He expects.

Freely deal them out to another,
And with them help a less favoured brother.

Moderately value them, soon they may flee,
For ever they were not given to thee.

Rightly increase them by honest toil,
But let not gain thy soul assoil.

Easily part with them, if they are taken,
And pray that thy soul may ne'er be forsaken.

RUTH'S ADDRESS TO NAOMI.

ENTREAT me not to leave thee so,
For I will surely follow thee ;
Whither thou goest, I will go,
And faithful always be.
Where'er thou dwellest I will dwell,
And never seek from thee to rove ;
Thy friends shall be my friends as well,
And thy God only will I love.
Where thou shalt die, the same green sod
Shall cover me whene'er I die ;
Together we will worship God,
Together in the same grave lie.
May God His direst wrath pour down
On me, if ever false I be ;
I love thee, though the world may frown,—
Death only shall part thee and me.

PARTED.

How true it is that one can tell
When leaving friends, who loves the most ;
And when the joys of home are lost,
Who bids the tenderest farewell !

Before one throne of grace we knelt,
To lift in peace the voice of prayer :
We felt secure and happy there,
Nor pangs of parting ever felt.

The scenes, the sports, the joys of yore,
The happy hours around the hearth,
When all the household joined in mirth
With thee, we shall enjoy no more.

The love that youth's glad bosom fills,
By some will be forgotten, soon
As Morning's rays are lost in Noon,
Or sunlight dies on distant hills.

But we, in memory's dearest store,
Thy name and all that once were thine
Shall treasure up, and there enshrine
For ever, and for evermore.

When far from home and friendship's care,
Remember us with whom, in youth,
Thou didst pour forth thy soul in truth
At Morning and at Evening prayer.

1861.

LONELY WALKS.

WHEN Spring comes forth with flowerets gay to deck the fields anew,
And the sun shines out at Morning's dawn to kiss the sparkling dew,
I take my lonely walk again, amid the scenes I love,
Away beside the sounding stream, beneath the shady grove ;
I love to hold communion with Dame Nature silently,
Her look is always loving, and she has a smile for me.

When Summer comes with verdure crowned, and perfume in the air,
And the sun spreads o'er the evening clouds his glittering golden hair,
When soft winds play among the trees, in freshness sweet and cool,
And lambkins sport about the lawn, and troutlets in the pool ;—

In fields remote I love to rove, and gather wild flowers
sweet,
Where the birds sing loud their Evening song, and the
bracken brush my feet.

When Autumn comes, with ripened sheaf, to crown the
fruitful year,
I then go forth to see the woods in yellow leaf and sere ;
When russet robins sweetly sing among the faded leaves,
And sparrows chirp in quick response beneath the slop-
ing eaves ;
The setting sun sheds glory bright along the western sky,
And the harvest moon, in golden light, walks forth in
peace on high.

When Winter, glorious Winter, comes, the crowning
time of all,
In snowy garments and dark clouds, black as a funeral
pall,
Forth 'mid the storm, and tempest's rush, and torrent's
deafening roar,
I love to roam, in cold pure air, far through the forests
hoar ;
At night, amid the leafless wood, my lonely path I trace,
With guides unerring, silver stars, in heaven's dark blue
face.

Thus all the year has charms for me, and every season
brings
A pleasure and a glory bright upon its golden wings.

I always feel a thrill of joy amid such scenes to roam,
Away beside far sounding streams and in the groves near
home.

Oh ! may my life glide on in peace, amidst the scenes I
love,
Until I reach my future home, the heavenly land above.

THE TWO ANGELS.

A JEWISH TRADITION.

WHEN man from his Maker had fallen away,
Two angels walked close by his side—
Called Judgment and Mercy, and still to this day
With us here on earth they abide.

When Judgment chastises for error and sin,
And leaves us sore wounded to death :
Then Mercy her balm to the wound will pour in,
And revive us with heavenly breath.

When Judgment rends open the earth with his power,
And spreads desolation around :
Then Mercy doth plant a bright blooming flower,
Which smiles o'er the fast closing ground.

When Judgment carves wrinkles o'er brow and o'er face,
Which sorrow and age leave behind :
Then Mercy enkindles a smile o'er the place,
To make the old faces look kind.

When Judgment uplifteth his glittering sword,
To strike down the rebel in wrath :
Then Mercy her sheltering wing doth afford,
And points to the heavenward path.

When Judgment with thunders and clouds that increase,
Sends a storm o'er the land and the sea :
Then Mercy spans all with the rainbow of peace,
That man from his fears might be free.

When Judgment to misery sinks the proud soul,
Who sins against love, truth, and right :
Then Mercy descends to the nethermost pole,
To bring him once more to the light.

When Judgment has ended his work at the last,
And man from transgression will cease :
Then Mercy will cover the sins of the past,
And lead us to heaven and peace !

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

THY light, O glorious LORD, shines everywhere,
Above, beneath, around ; and where no eye
May pierce the dazzling ray,
Which fair on all doth shine !

O LORD, my light ! shine into my dark soul,
And make my thoughts, and words, and actions pure,
That I may serve Thee well,
And help my fellow men.

From darkness, Thou hast led me by the hand
To light, and to salvation, O my God !
Still guide me in Thy truth,
Along the path of life.

O JESU CHRIST ! Thou light of all the world,
Let me reflect Thine image unto men,
And, by Thy Spirit's aid,
In meekness grow like Thee.

Thou art my light, but oh, my sinful heart
Is black as tents of Kedar ! Let Thy beams
Shine down on me in love,
And I shall comely seem.

Thy holiness shall make my sin appear,
But in Thy light shall I the light behold,
Which scatters far the clouds,
That wrap me dark in sin.

O lift on me the light of Thy sweet face—
Thy glorious countenance on me lift up,
And flood my life with joy,
And make my spirit glad !

Thy light, O LORD, is sown for righteous men,—
Sown deep, and far, and wide, o'er all the earth,
For me it shineth forth,
In darkest hours of woe.

Thy word unto my feet as light doth shine,
To guide me safely in the path of life,
Which, like the dawn of morn,
Grows brighter unto day.

O FATHER, HOLY SPIRIT, JESU CHRIST !
Take my right hand, and lead me in Thy light,
Then shall I sing for joy,
And praise Thy Name, O LORD !

Cause error's clouds from me to flee away,
And send Thy light and truth to lead me home,
Where I shall see Thy face,
And know as I am known.

In that abiding home, Thou art, O God,
The light, that lighteneth all the glorious land,
Where walk Thy ransomed saints
With Thee, O gracious LORD !

For ever, there they shine in light from Thee,
E'en like the brightest of the firmament,
Yea, as the stars themselves,
For ever, evermore !

LINES WRITTEN IN A BIBLE.

To guide man home the surest way,
This holy book our God has given ;
Then let me read it day by day,
And walk by its clear light to heaven.

It is my Father's gift to me ;
Oh, let me love it evermore,
Until His face with joy I see
On heaven's eternal, sunless shore.

Should darkness round my path increase,
Bright gleams of light it sheds around
To guide me into paths of peace,
Where each bright spot is hallowed ground.

When sin is bold, and pain and woe
Fill my weak spirit with alarm,
Teach me, O God, Thy Truth to know,
And vain their power to do me harm.

Pardon to rebels God proclaims
In this His holy, steadfast word,
Thro' that blest Name above all names,
Whose very sound doth peace afford.

The precious Name of Jesus Christ,
The weary spirit's final rest—
The pearl above all riches priced,
The brightest treasure of the blest.

Strength to the weak is promised here,
The dead are told of endless life.
Grasp all, my soul ! with faith sincere,
And soon shall end thy weary strife.

To slaves, by Satan sore opprest,
Freedom this word of truth declares,
And tells of peace and holy rest
In Jesus Christ, from all his snares.

Wisdom, to make the sinner wise
Unto salvation, here we find,
Truth to detect all Satan's lies,
And love to gladden heart and mind.

The young man makes his pathway clean
By taking heed to God's own word ;
The old man on this staff doth lean,
The Christian warrior yields this sword.

Sublimest flights of seraph's wing
Are here recorded ; and a child,
From hence, instruction sweet, may bring,
In simple faith and patience mild.

The exile here may read of home,
When o'er life's sea in trouble driven,
And see by faith his Saviour come,
To guide him thro' the storm to heaven.

WHERE IS GOD ?

IN highest heaven He reigns alone,
The Holy Spirit, Father, Son,
The One in Three, the Three in One.
Archangels there behold His face,
Witness His power and know His grace,
And countless myriads ever sing
Thrice Holy to their God and King.

The distant planets as they roll
Feel and acknowlege His control,
And all creation's wide expanse
Is under His All-seeing glance !
In yonder Sun which rules the day,
In Vesper's faint and trembling ray,
And in the Moon's pale, silvery light,
And in each star which decks the night,
Is seen the Great Creator's hand,
For all arose at His command.

The Dayspring from on high He brings
When Morning spreads his golden wings,
And Evening shadows slowly fall
When Night her veil throws over all.
We hear Him in the whispering wind,
His Presence bright in all things find ;
To man and beast He giveth life,
He sendeth peace, where man brings strife.

In dewy tears of summer morn,
Which glisten on the flower and thorn,
In every brooklet's winding course,
And in the river's onward force,
In the great ocean's crested wave,
And in each solemn silent cave,
In verdant vales, with bounteous hand
He showers His blessings o'er the land.
And in the thunder's solemn roll,
Which strikes with awe the trembling soul,

In ages past, in time to come,
In every birth, in every tomb,
We trace alike His hand benign,
And humbly own His power divine.

In the dread avalanche's crash,
And in the lightning's vivid flash,
And in the fragrant summer gale,
Which bows the rose and swells the sail,
And in the bleak and desert plain,
Where death and desolation reign.
In lovely scenes and silent dells,
Where grow the foxglove's pendent bells,
And in the deep umbrageous wood,
Our God provides the beast with food.
In harmony of song and sound,
In scenes where peace and joy abound.
In every mother's fervent prayer,
In every father's faithful care,
In what befalls us, good or ill,
We recognise His holy will.—
In all creation, God we see,
And yet distinct from all is He.

THE GOLDEN LADDER OF CHARITY.

Lord, guide me in this path to fare,
Let me with man my pittance share,
And teach me, by this golden stair,
In Christ to climb to Thee !

To give, thy praises forth to sound,
And from thy gift with grief to part ;—
To give with hand and not with heart,
This is the ladder's lowest round.

To give, with pleasure and with grace,
But not enough to help the need,
And not sufficient bread to feed
The hungry one, his health to brace.

To give, enough with cheerful hand,
But not till men have asked thy gift,
And then the case to prove and sift,
And some poor soul to reprimand.

To give, enough and cheerfully,
And ere men ask, thy bread to deal,
But yet to make the poor one feel,
Ashamed of taking aught from thee.

To give, (that so the poor may know
The giver, but they must not come
Within the sight of thy fair home,)
Nor love, nor sympathy to show.

To give, and no man know thy name,
That so thy praise may not resound.
In the great day shalt thou be found,
And Christ will publish forth thy fame.

To give, before men ask of thee,
And with a smile thy gift to leave,
And thus prevent lone hearts to grieve.—
This is the highest charity !

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

I LIVE in a land of blessing,
Its paths are paths of peace,
Its mountains pierce the heavens,
Its joys with the years increase.

Its waters flow cool and sparkling,
Its manna is sweet to taste ;
Sometimes the clouds are darkling,
While on to my home I haste.

Here in God's Church I rest me,
While a song of joy I raise,
For its walls are called Salvation,
And its gates of entrance, Praise.

The Church has two windows only,
To let in the heavenly light,
While here I am never lonely,
When on either I fix my sight.

One window is looking Westward,
Where the Cross of my Lord shines fair,
The other is looking Eastward,
And His Throne is pictured there !

When I look on the Cross I praise Him
For all His love to me,
In the East He sits in glory,
Before Him I bow my knee !

When my soul is full of sorrow,
A look at the Cross brings peace,
From thence I comfort borrow,
And all my troubles cease.

When my heart and mine eyes are flowing,
And I long for heaven and love,
Thro' the Eastern window glowing,
I see His throne above !

And here I shall wait in patience,
Until He comes for me.
And I know that I shall be like Him,
When His glorious face I see !

GOD'S ELECT.

CHRISTIAN ! though thy heart with sorrow
Oft is dark because of sin,
Though thine enemy assail thee
In thy secret soul within,
Jesus liveth,
And He giveth
To His people life and joy ;
Let His praise thy tongue employ.

Trust the promise true, of Jesus,
Listen to His words of life—
“ None shall pluck from Me My loved ones.”
What He saith should end all strife.
 Trust thy Saviour,
 Seek His favour,
Walk before Him all thy days,
Delight thou in His works and ways.

God's dear child art thou, beloved ;
Sealed, secure by power Divine,
In His holy changeless covenant ;
Therefore claim His promise thine.

“ My Father gave them,
And I have them
Written on my hands and heart :
They and I shall never part.”

Like to Jesus, pure and holy,
Thou art chosen so to be !
Closely follow Him, and think not
That to break the law thou 'rt free.

Meek and lowly,
Living wholly
For thy Saviour here below,
Onward still for ever go !

Like the morning light thy pathway,
Shining to the perfect day,
Brighter growing all thy lifetime,
Till thou 'rt called from earth away
Unto heaven ;
Where is given
Clearer light in cloudless skies,
Where the daylight never dies.

All the strength of thy salvation
Rests in Christ's unchanging love :

He Who found will one day bring thee
To His Father's house above.

Trust Him ever,
Doubt Him never ;
Fear betrays a wavering heart,
Fearful souls from Him depart.

Once by living faith united
To thy Saviour, fear no ill ;
All His people found Him faithful ;
What He once was He is still.

The Christian fears not,
God forswears not.

Once in Christ, in Christ for ever ;
Once beloved, forsaken never.

RADCLIFFE-ON-TRENT.

FROM this red cliff I look around,
The winding Trent runs clear below,
And, like its onward affluent flow,
May peace in all these homes abound.

From hence I view the meads and fields,
Where browse the flocks, where grows the corn,
And where each day and night and morn,
All bounteous Nature blessing yields.

Here Spring her crown of verdure weaves
While songs, in brake, and bush, and dell,
Of secrets and of gladness tell,
Behind the hedge, beneath the leaves.

Here Summer rains her glory down,
And every path is bright with flowers ;
And here, to pass the sunny hours,
Come wan, thin faces from the town.

To them we give a welcome sweet,
For rural sights must glad their eyes,
And silence, here, contrast with cries,
And roaring brawling of the street.

Here Autumn, in her after glow,
Doth touch with gold the stately trees,
Which shower it down with every breeze,
Upon the fruitful land below.

And Winter clothes the earth in white,
While on the hearth the crackling fires
Awaken in our hearts desires,
And in our homes create delight.

O God ! drive evil from this earth,
Which Thou hast made divinely fair ;
Let man, thro' holiness, be heir
Of heaven, by a second birth.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

I LONG to be young again, my boy,
For my youth was fair and sweet,
And all my friends were true and dear,
And often we loved to meet.
The sun shone brightly then, my boy,
And our thoughts were wild and free,
And every day in all the year,
Brought pleasure and joy to me.

Ah, those were happy days, my boy,
And I wish them back again,
With the friends whom I loved, and will love till
Who never gave me pain. [death,
But those days are past and gone, my boy,
And the friends of my youth are dead,
The times are changed for the worse, alas !
And I see dark days ahead !

For wicked men work ill, my boy,
And no one stays their hand,
They bluster forth their shame and scorn
Through all the goodly land ;
And might is right with them, my boy,
And the truth they never speak,
Their will to them is law alone,
And they mock at the pure and meek.

And yet I will wait and hope, my boy,
For God is still in heaven,
And for the sake of Truth and Right
Fresh strength to me is given.
And as long as I live on earth, my boy,
My voice for them I'll raise,
And at last we shall see and hear and know,
Whom God Himself will praise.

1892.

HORÆ POETICÆ.

“Visions of Childhood ! Stay, oh, stay !
Ye were so sweet and wild.”

LONGFELLOW.

O HAPPY Hours ! when dreams of youth
And fancy,—youngest born,—
So full of love and joy and truth
Possessed me Eve and Morn.

O brightest hours that earth has given
The sweetest and the best
A foretaste of the days of heaven
When every hour is blest,

The perfume of your sweetness, still
Is wafted round me yet,
Nor memory, nor thought, nor will,
Your pleasures can forget.

No tongue can tell, no hand can write,
No thought can realize
The memories which you invite
Before my spirit's eyes.

Sweet musings of my leisure hours
When weary work was o'er,
And I 'mid summer birds and flowers,
Had learned a hidden lore !

And saw bright visions of the past,
And dreamt of joys to come,
And sang of friendship which will last
When all on earth is dumb.

Now called by care from you to part,
I seek you oft in vain,
But visions, born of you, my heart
With joy revive again.

A TRIOLET.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

HOLY SPIRIT cleanse my heart !
Renew my nature : raise it high ;
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Holy Spirit ! cleanse my heart,
And make me holy as Thou art ;
My soul and body sanctify.

Holy Spirit, cleanse my heart,
Renew my nature : raise it high !

FAREWELL.

FARE-THEE-WELL ! May God's strong arm
Steer thy bark o'er life's rough sea.
May He shield thy soul from harm,
Bless, direct, and succour thee.
And may His Spirit with thee dwell—
Again, and yet again, farewell !

Fare-thee-well ! May Jesus guard thee
Wheresoe'er thy footsteps tread.
May the Lord of life reward thee,
Showering blessings on thy head.
May guardian angels with thee dwell—
Again, and yet again, farewell !

NOTES.

NOTES.

THE contents of this volume have grown under my hand in the course of a busy life. Many of the poems have appeared before and were well received. I pray and hope that God will use this book, so that it may be a message of mercy to some, a song of comfort and consolation to others, and a help to all who read it.

The following notes will explain the allusions in two or three of the poems, and will tell the sources whence a few others have been gleaned, and will show the generous and appreciative spirit in which some of them have been received.

(1.) SOWING AND REAPING.

This Quatrain embodies the wise saying of Thackeray.

(2.) THE BRIGHTEST ROSE.

I am indebted to Hans Christian Andersen for the ground work of these verses.

(3.) LONGING.

If Schiller meant anything more than the land of phantasy in this poem the second line, in the last verse, is not true.

In the last hour of life, the Pilot of the Galilean Lake, (who is Christ, not Peter,) will be near the faithful Christian, and will steer his bark safe into the haven of eternal rest.

(4.) QUEENS REGNANT.

As the famous women alluded to in this poem are historical characters I do not give their names. It is better that my readers trace their history themselves.

My intention in the poem is to place high models of character and action before educated women for their imitation.

It was originally written for recitation at Baltimore Female College commencement in 1886. Her Majesty the Queen graciously sent me her thanks for it when it first appeared, and so did Lord Tennyson and others.

I have also received the following letters concerning it which I think ought to be given here :—

“ DEAR SIR,—A few days ago, by mail, I received a beautiful poem entitled “Queens Regnant,” from your pen, in which my darling sister is represented as one. Please accept my grateful thanks. She has been away from me thirty-two years and it was particularly pleasant to receive this tribute to her memory. It has done me a world of good. I am the last one left of a family of nine.—Yours truly,

“ CATHERINE CHUBBUCK.

“ HAMILTON, U.S.A.”

“ DEAR SIR,—Thank you truly for your touching tribute to my dear sister Frances Ridley Havergal. It is singular that your muse crowns her with her own favourite flower—the wild rose brier ! . . . The wild rose was my dear Frances’ special choice . . .—Yours very faithfully,

“ MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

“ WINTERDYNE.”

(5.) A VISION OF GOOD WOMEN.

It would be invidious to mention any of the names of the great women alluded to in this poem. In America they are a mighty army. Their work in Education, Temperance, Nursing the sick, Literature, Astronomy, Emancipation of the slave, Visitation of prisons, Home and Foreign Missions, Pleading for woman's rights, as well as in the arts of Sculpture, and Painting, etc., is well known. Their self-denial in the discharge of every duty, in the face of much opposition, deserves a cheer from every lover of righteousness. I give mine with all my heart and soul !

The following tribute, selected from many similar, has been sent to the author from America :—

“Dr. Cullen is known to our readers as the author of two of the three remarkable poems we have published in our Magazine.* His conception of the power and high calling of Christian womanhood, his eager looking to the New World for leaders among women in great reforms and philanthropies, his quick and manly acknowledgment of their God-given mission is to us a great inspiration. . . .

“Dr. Cullen . . . bases his standard of what woman should be upon the Bible rule.

“‘ All mothers since the world began,
Who in the path of duty trod,
And led their children forth to God,
In moulding childhood formed the man.’

“His poems take account of all these, the unknown, the patient, the tried and true, in every land as well as

* “A Vision of Good Women,” and “Queens Regnant.”

—“‘ beyond the Western wave,
Where women, strong in love, in virtue bold,
Oppose the tide of crime, and seek to save
Their sons from sin and woe, and make them pure and brave.’’
The Woman’s Magazine.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., U.S.A.,
September, 1888.

(6.) A LAY OF THE WALDENSES.

This lay of the Waldenses is founded on the facts of history. Every incident may be read in Dr. Wylie’s interesting and instructive “History of Protestantism,” and other books. I have not introduced a single fact or fancy of my own. Every line is true, from the first to the last.

That this quiet and Apostolic Church could not be left alone by Rome is, to me, one of the atrocities of history.

(7.) WE MEET AGAIN.

There is a sweet tune to these verses composed by Mendelssohn. I have made the Translation in the metre of the original to suit the music.

(8.) GOD’S ACRE, AND QUEENS REGNANT.

. Like her
Who in sweet water drank the dust of death.

Artemisia wife of King Mausolus drank the ashes of her husband dissolved in scented water, and erected a magnificent monument to his memory, portions of which are now in the British Museum.

(9.) THE CAPTIVITY.

“Be when thy dogs thy bloodhounds all”

“Cry ‘Havock,’ and let slip the dogs of war.”

SHAKESPEARE.

(10.) THE HEALING OF MARY OF MAGDALA.

A cruel wrong has been done to the memory of Mary of Magdala by identifying her with the fallen penitent woman who anointed Jesus in the house of Simon the Pharisee. There is nothing in the Gospels to lead us to suppose that Mary led a sinful life, no more than the boy whom Christ healed of the same kind of possession after His Transfiguration. “Never, perhaps,” to use the words of Geikie, “has a figment so utterly baseless obtained so wide an acceptance as that which we connect with her name. But it is hopeless to try to explode it, for the word has passed into the vocabularies of Europe as a synonym of penitent frailty.” Even Benjamin Disraeli was not without his sneer at Mary of Magdala. He, and many who have spoken slightlyingly of her, are not worthy to be admitted to her presence. Penitent frailty Jesus forgives, but it is very doubtful whether He would permit even such an one to be of His immediate attendants. Very different are those mentioned in the book of Revelation, “who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.” Farrar thinks that it cannot be proved that Mary of Magdala was the same person as the woman in Simon’s house, but quotes the Talmudists and others in support of that opinion. The opinion of the Talmudists is simply worth nothing, and the Church legends are of as little worth. More definite proof must be given before we believe that these two women are the same person.

This fiction is again perpetuated by Arnold in his new poem “The Light of the World.”

See this subject fully discussed in Lardner, and by Jean Despagne the great Huguenot divine, both of whom defend the view which is advocated above. I acknowledge my obligations to the Rev. Dr. Geikie for the outlines of this poem.

(11.) PASSION HYMN.

There is a most appropriate tune to these words, composed by Bach for a German paraphrase of this Hymn. I have translated the words in a Metre to suit this tune, and named it after S. Bernard's dedication of the Hymn “Ad Faciem Christi.”

* * If any one wishes to use any of these poems or Hymns he may do so with pleasure. I only ask that it be intimated, “By permission of the Author, the Rev. Dr. Cullen.”

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